NYLON

THE IT GIRL ISSUE!

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ISABELLE MCNALLY
TEYANA TAYLOR
LOU DOILLON
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AND
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October 2008

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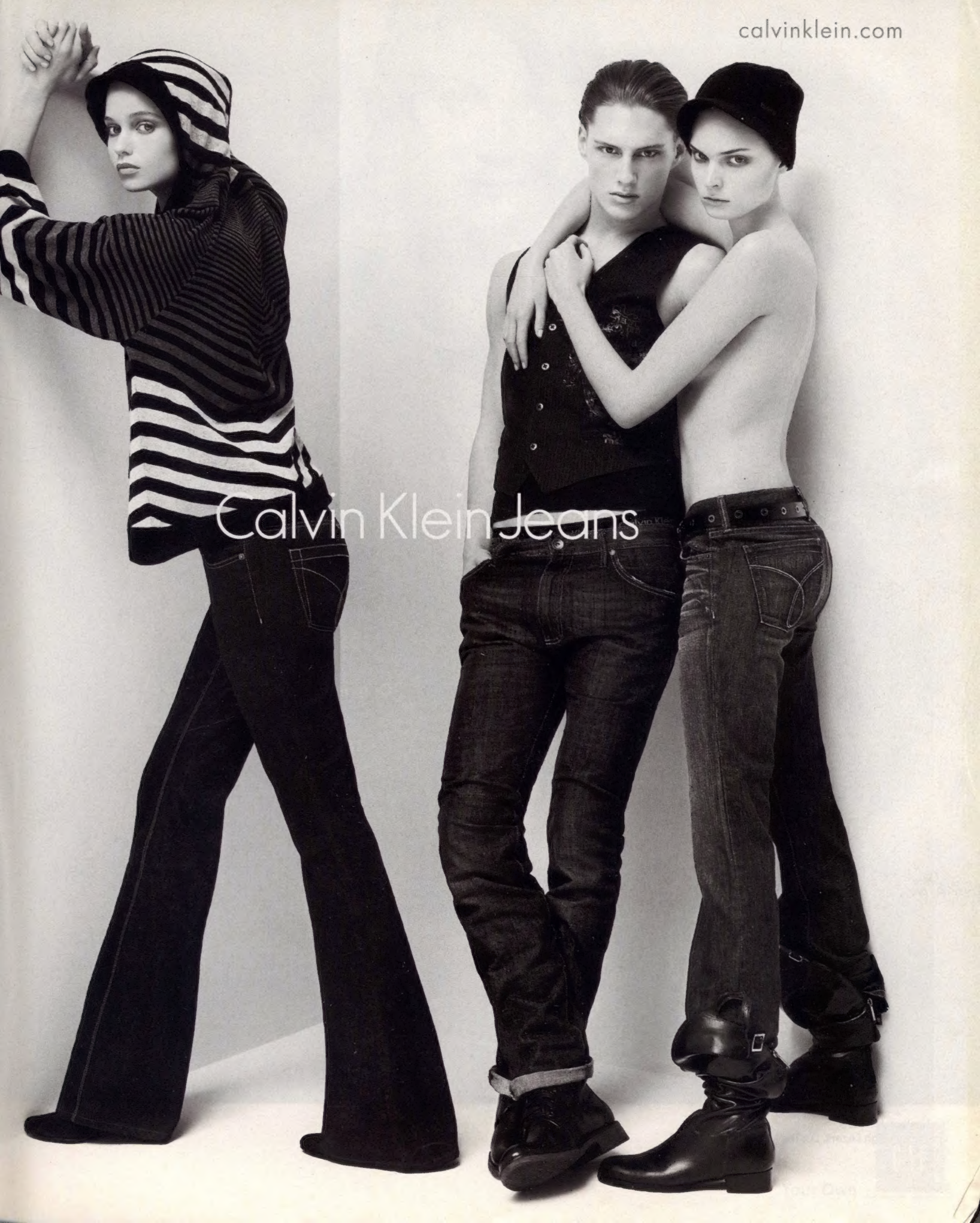
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24 ed letter
26 par avion
30 behind the scenes
32 contributors

fashionista

34 **let them eat cake** Marie Antoinette's style was lavish, bold, and utterly feminine.
38 **mass appeal:** Rocker
43 **mass appeal:** Society Girl
44 **mass appeal:** Quirky
46 **mass appeal:** Denim Onesies
48 **haute stuff:** Shoe Shine
50 **private icon:** *Party Girl*
52 **factory girl: be her guest** Factory Girl Dani Stahl visits hotel 60 Thompson to check out what it's like to not be the one checking in.
56 **garden of edun** Now that designer Ali Hewson has perfected Edun's socially and environmentally conscious practices, it's time to have some fun with the clothes. By Rajni Lucienne Jacques
58 **jeans of the month:** True Religion
60 **it's the remix** M.I.A.'s wardrobe is as kaleidoscopic as her worldly sounds. Luckily for us, the musician and artist has added designer to her résumé. By Samantha Gilewicz
62 **road trip:** Dublin, Ireland
64 **skip to my lou** French actress, model, musician, and designer Lou Doillon is back with a new collection for Lee Cooper Jeans. By Samantha Gilewicz
66 **model citizens:** Calvin Klein
70 **some like it hot** Dani Stahl reports on Chanel's spectacular 2009 Cruise show at Miami's Raleigh hotel.
72 fashion news
82 **directory:** Lit Girls

beauty queen

88 **space cadet** What does the future hold for beauty? We imagine frizz-free locks, black lipstick, and earrings made from strands of fluoro-colored hair.
90 **counter culture:** Gossip Girls
92 **private icon:** Dedicated Followers of Fashion
94 beauty news

cover: zooey deschanel photographed by hilary walsh. stylist: christine baker. hair: mara roszak using pantene at themagnetagency.com. makeup: vanessa price using benefit cosmetics for therexagency.com. manicurist: marsha bialo for artistsbytimothypriano.com using china glaze. top by dolce & gabbana, tights by wolford, hat by urban outfitters.

10.08

radar

100 music sounds better with you *Nick and Norah's Infinite Playlist* has all the ingredients of a new teen-movie favorite: great music, heartbreak, and Michael Cera. By Amanda Fortini

106 take me higher The Kings of Leon's new album owes its soaring, spooky sound to a little bit of pharmaceutical fun. By Cristina Black

107 life of the party The release of *Feed the Animals* proves that Girl Talk just wants to have fun. By Samantha Gilewicz

108 all hail the queens Yo Majesty is widely regarded as one of the most groundbreaking acts around—if only they can stick it out. By Kate Williams

109 trash and burn Artist Aurel Schmidt's work is full of creepy-crawlies, cigarette butts, and other wonderful things. By Samantha Gilewicz

110 great expectations Jenny Lewis's second solo album, *Acid Tongue*, delivers a salty sound that still goes down sweet. By Mikael Wood

112 culture club

114 en route: this side of paradise With a bustling eco-tourism trade, and destination beaches that rival any Caribbean island, Costa Rica is a dream. By Christopher Garland

117 film strips

fashion and features

118 charmed, we're sure With a highly acclaimed album and more movie roles than ever—not to mention her uniquely endearing brand of quirkiness—Zooey Deschanel is the ultimate It Girl. By April Long. Photographed by Hilary Walsh

126 electric youth This year's crop of It Girls better get used to that label fast; the buzz is only going to get louder.

136 lady of the manor Pixie Geldof escapes London for her house in the English countryside. Photographed by Matt Irwin

142 double trouble Though Cory Kennedy and Peaches Geldof live oceans apart, their trendsetting style makes them two of a kind. Photographed by Marvin Scott Jarrett

nylon street

148 star maps: Booties

150 shopping list

152 bag check: just say yes It's impossible to overdose on candy colored accessories. Packed by Dani Stahl.

zooey photographed by hilary walsh. top by dolce & gabbana, tights by wolford, hat by urban outfitters.

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10/01/08 Atlanta, GA @ The Tabernacle*
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Welcome to our second annual It Girl issue. We got such a great response from you last year that we decided to do it again, and we couldn't think of a more appropriate cover girl than Zooey Deschanel. Besides her acting, I've been really excited by the music she's been doing with M. Ward as She & Him. She has managed to make her retro-inspired songs sound completely of the moment. And that's the best part about Zooey—she is always doing her own thing without caring what other people think, which may be the most definitive quality of an It Girl (along with awesome style, of course). We've got lots of other cool girls in this issue—if you haven't met Alexa Chung, Daisy Lowe or Teyana Taylor yet, turn to page 126 now—and, as always, the most exciting fashion and music (or both mixed together, like M.I.A.'s new clothing line). I also hope you've been checking out our NYLON TV segments hosted by the amazing Cory Kennedy and Peaches Geldof (who are also both in this issue). I first met Peaches in London when she interviewed me for MTV Europe, and I just thought she was the best interviewer, ever—I'm thrilled that we've been able to share her wit with you...and don't be surprised to see a column from her in the magazine later this fall.

MARVIN SCOTT JARRETT, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Dear Nylon
Well, unlike real nylons, your magazine does not take 2 hours to get into, and is not a real drag. Thanks for the artistic inspiration! HEY! Do an article on Brittany Snow or Megan Fox.=)
Stay Fly ♡Caitlin

dear *nylon*,
After reading the September issue (which was all around lovely, thank you), I felt compelled to thank *NYLON*, and especially Fiorella Valdesolo, for the article "Freedom From Choice." The article highlighted the often overlooked hypocrisy that dominates not only the television industry, but also our society in general when it comes to women exercising their legal and inalienable right to make decisions for themselves. Shame—via television, politicians, or religious activists—should not be imposed on women facing the difficult choice to have an abortion. Abortion should be handled with dignity and respect, on television and off, and I can only hope that someday it will be. I think the world will someday catch up, socially as well as fashionably.

NICOLETTE-LUCY HABIB
WORCESTER, MA

dear *nylon*,
I stubbed my toe for you. It was worth it.

RACHEL
STEVENSON RANCH, CA

dear *nylon*,
Your "green" expert ("The Green Room," August 2008) should check her facts before she preaches. Loofahs are fruit grown on land, not "pulled out of the ocean on a mass scale." I'd rather shower with a fruit than a plastic poof.

LUCY
NEW YORK, NY

dear *nylon*,
You rock my socks! I just got your magazine in the mail and put everything on hold just to read this fantastic volume of amazingness. I love love love everything that you put into your magazine—it's all so cool and inspiring. I'm wondering if eating the mag will allow me to absorb some of the coolness that is *NYLON* into my system. Probably wouldn't work, but I bet you'd still taste good. *NYLON* is delicious.

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UNDER COVER:

zooey deschanel

With sapphire eyes, raven hair, and rosy lips, Zooey Deschanel is a natural beauty. The actress and musician is also, according to photographer Hilary Walsh, "a charmingly silly character, so I didn't want just plain 'beauty shots' of her. She has a very strong idea of her own style, so it must have been hard for her to allow someone else to dress her." Not so. Deschanel, who showed up to the shoot at Pier 59 Studios West in Los Angeles wearing a vintage corduroy romper, delighted in a Chloé crochet patchwork silk dress, Chanel beaded headband, and Issa tulle-trimmed bloomers—laid out for her by stylist Christine Baker—so much that she pranced barefoot around the studio in them. Walsh envisioned an energetic shoot, so she and our cover star, who she describes as "down-to-earth, playful, and unselfconscious," then took to the sun-splashed street, with Deschanel in Anna Sui high-waisted shorts and Sonia Rykiel lace-up platforms. The softly spoken Deschanel asked for just three things all day: a vegan sandwich, to take home a pair of Sabre pink-framed sunglasses, and to be shot wearing her new Obama campaign T-shirt (go to nylonmag.com to check out the pic). Done, done, and done.

beauty note:

Deschanel doesn't need much assistance in the beauty department, so we kept things simple with a lightly lined eye and some long lashes, creamy pink blush, and a subtle lip stain—perfect complements to her tousled locks.

for her look try:

Eyeshadow in Sable, Powder Blush in Well Dressed, Amplified Crème Lipstick in Well Dressed, Plushlash Mascara in Plushblack, Mineralize Skin Finish in Medium, Powerpoint Eye Pencil in Stubborn Brown. All, M.A.C.

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contributors

amanda fortini

When Amanda Fortini was eight years old, she wrote plays and forced her sisters and cousins to act out the parts. But nowadays, having graduated summa cum laude from Harvard University with a degree in English and American Literature, the Los Angeles-based Fortini writes for *The New Yorker*, *New York*, *Slate*, and *Elle*, and often about real actors. In this instance Michael Cera, who she interviewed along with the other stars (Kat Dennings, Alexis Dziena, and Ari Graynor) of *Nick and Norah's Infinite Playlist* ("Music Sounds Better With You," page 100). "It's a sweet film with realistic (and often witty) dialogue and some very natural performances," she says. "Plus, the music is great—it's like *High Fidelity* for the iPod generation!" And, yes, she thinks Michael Cera is adorable, too: "He was soft-spoken, but also quite articulate and sharp, with a dry sense of humor. When I met up with Alexis Dziena later that day, she asked me, 'Don't you just want to put him in your pocket?'"

cristina black

Cristina Black studied classical harp and wanted to be a musician—that is, until she moved to New Orleans at 18. "I started covering shows for magazines to combine my writing skills with my appreciation for the way sound affects people," she says, "but the truth is I just wanted an excuse to go out every night!" Black is the entertainment editor for California magazine *Foam*; contributes to *New York*, *Village Voice*, and *Time Out New York*; and is working on her first novel. For this issue, she writes about the Kings of Leon ("Take Me Higher," page 106): "Kings of Leon are born rock stars, right down to the drug problems," Black says. "Lead singer Caleb Followill owns up to his faults and touts his talents honestly. Everyone wants him to be a dumb redneck, but he's not—he's quite sharp, actually." When she isn't writing, Black plays ukulele, writes songs about "money, booze, and betrayal," and is recording an album with her brother, "à la the Fiery Furnaces."

adam fedderly

While photographer Adam Fedderly grew up drawing and painting abstract portraits, when he was 12 he fell in love with the black-and-white images of photography masters like Ansel Adams, Robert Capa, and Helmut Newton. "Now, I enjoy being able to concentrate on the beauty of the subject," he says. And the two subjects Fedderly photographed for our It Girls feature ("Electric Youth," page 126) are beautiful, indeed. "Teyana Taylor is a doll—cute as can be, but tough as nails," he says. "And Harley Viera-Newton is a sweet and sexy girl." When Fedderly is not taking pictures, he is "editing pictures, thinking about taking pictures, concepts, locations, light, models, colors..." But while his wish list—which includes everyone from Kate Moss to Ellie Tahari to Hugh Hefner—is growing, he also enjoys surfing and spending time with his new fiancé and his two Siamese cats, Francie and Georgie: "Zhey err vonderful!"

thea urdal

Inspired by Roald Dahl's *Matilda*, writer Thea Urdal's first story—at age seven—was about a magic elephant. "I've moved on from fairy-tale animals to more realistic writing," she says, "even though some fairy-tale elements do sneak in at times." The 21-year-old Urdal was born, raised, and lives in Oslo, Norway ("not too far from the North Pole; we'll be the first to go if global warming continues. Sweet.") which is where her article for this issue ("48 Hours In Oslo," page 116) takes place. "It is a ridiculously beautiful city, but I wanted to show that there is loads more to discover about Oslo—like raging basement nightclubs and a blossoming art scene." Urdal is the executive and fashion editor for Norwegian magazine, *planB*, and is hard at work breaking into freelance journalism stateside. "I'm crossing my fingers and hoping for the best—magic stuffed elephant in hand."

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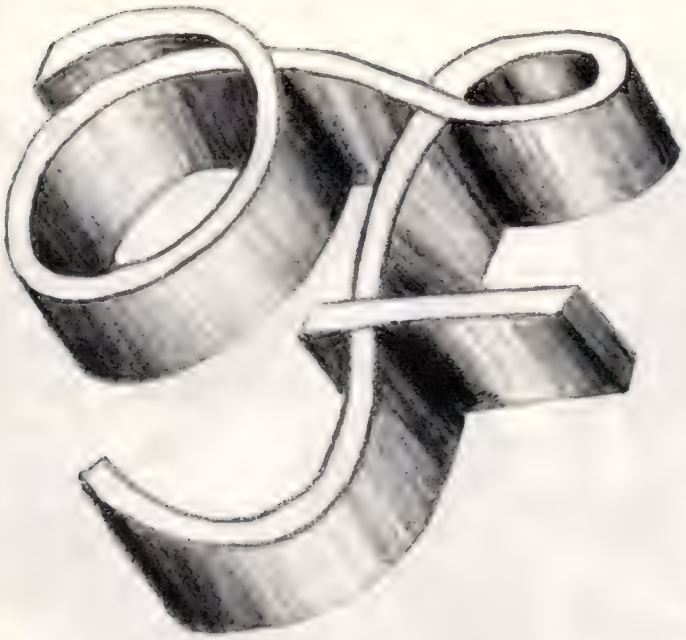

let them eat cake

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S STYLE WAS LAVISH, BOLD, AND UTTERLY FEMININE. TOO BAD THAT WHOLE BEHEADING THING LITERALLY MADE HER A FASHION VICTIM.

photographed by matt sundin

STYLIST: MICHELLE RENEAU. HAIR: RYAN TRYGSTAD AT THE WALL GROUP. MAKEUP: HUNG VANNGO AT THE WALL GROUP. MODEL: MARGARET AT MAJOR. COAT AND DRESS BY ALEXANDER MCQUEEN, SHOES BY PIERRE HARDY, HAT BY ELLEN CHRISTINE, CHAMPAGNE BY CARTIER.

darker my love

WITH LEATHER, LACE, AND ROSARY-STYLE BEADS, GOTH COMES OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

1. DRESS BY H&M, $149; 2. BLOUSE BY GUESS BY MARCIANO, $79; 3. NECKLACE BY CHANEL, $5,385; 4. BLAZER BY BCBGMAXAZRIA, $338; BLOUSE BY DKNY JEANS JRS, $59; 5. PANTS BY ALEXANDER MCQUEEN, $1,155; 6. SHOE BY STELLA MCCARTNEY, $1,395; 7. GIVENCHY, FALL '08; 8. JUMPER BY MCQ-ALEXANDER MCQUEEN, $670; BELT BY YVES SAINT LAURENT, $395; 9. SKIRT BY DIESEL DENIM GALLERY, $795.

2
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eclectic avenue

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in suspense

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CHANEL'S LIGHT BULB MOMENT: WALKING ON GLASS IS PAINLESS WHEN YOU'RE WEARING THESE VELVET PLATFORMS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY HENRY HARGREAVES

SHOE BY CHANEL, $2,200.

camper.com

he-he hello!

If you ever wondered how Parker Posey got so good at playing hilariously bitchy characters with a heart of gold, look no further than 1995's *Party Girl*. Posey stars as Mary, a blasé *bon vivant* with racks of designer clothes but no money when it comes time to pay the rent. Mary's perfect solution to this dilemma? Throw a fundraising party at her lof Too bad she gets busted by the cops and thrown in jail. Enter her matronly librari godmother, Judy, who bails her out in exchange for Mary's services as a clerk at the library. Typical fish-out-of-water hilarity ensue although she soon falls in love with the job and even catalogs her DJ roommate vast record collection using the Dewey Decimal system But more entertaining tha the plot is Mary's style. In between delivering priceless lines like, "I would like a nice, powerful, mind-altering substance. Preferably one that will make my unborn children grow gills," Mary pulls off a baffling look that is at onc buttoned-up librarian and eccentric club kid. Decke out in mismatched bright colors and prints—with retro-inspired touches like pussybow collars and ladylike gloves—Mary's seemingly disparate sartorial choices end up looking perfectly right, proving that, as with most fashionable girls, there is always a method behind the madness.

1. SWEATER BY DKNY JEANS JRS, $59; 2. ANGEL SHOOTING STAR EAU DE PARFUM BY THIERRY MUGLER, $72 FOR 8 OZ.; 3. JACKET BY CONVERSE BY JOHN VARVATOS, $995; 4. SHOE BY ZAC POSEN, PRICE AVAILABLE UPON REQUEST; 5. SKIRT BY ARMANI EXCHANGE, $78; 6. RUNAWAY BY DEEE-LITE, $10; 7. TOP BY DOO-RI CHUNG, $995; 8. AQUALUMIERE GLOSS IN PARTY RED BY CHANEL, $26.

imagination walks
CAMPER

be her guest

FACTORY GIRL DANI STAHL VISITS HOTEL 60 THOMPSON TO CHECK OUT WHAT IT'S LIKE TO NOT BE THE ONE CHECKING IN. PHOTOGRAPHED BY LUCAS WILSON

The first time I visited 60 Thompson was before the hotel had even opened to the public—owner Jason Pomeranc gave the whole *NYLON* crew a private tour of the space back in 2001. From then on, I've been a repeat guest at almost all of Pomeranc's properties, and nowadays, there are quite a few to mention, since apparently instead of sleeping and eating like the rest of us, he devotes all of his time to opening up amazing new places. Since 2001, which I should remind those of you bad at math was a mere seven years ago, Pomeranc (under the umbrella of his hotel group, Thompson Hotels) has created five more destinations (Gild Hall, 6 Colombus, Donovan House, Thompson Beverly Hills, and Gaige House); re-invented old-school Hollywood hangout the Roosevelt as the place to be seen in L.A.; and is currently building two more properties in New York (Thompson Lower East Side, Smyth Tribeca) and one in Toronto. Phew. I get tired just thinking about it.

Since this is the It Girl issue, I thought there would be no better place to visit than one of the city's original "it" hotels, 60 Thompson. After all, it does seem to have a knack for attracting a lot of TMZ attention. It's clear, though, as soon as I'm handed my uniform—a starkly simple black button-down and pants—that the paparazzi will not be confusing me for a celebrity. Because the hotel gear I'd been envisioning was a bit more, er, ornate—a beige-on-beige tailored menswear-style suit (bellman) and a frilly French-maid-esque get-up (cleaning lady)—I obviously needed to add a few bits of flair: Note the bright Super sunglasses and neon jellies.

There are many jobs in a hotel, and much like subjects in school, it turns out that I am better at some than at others. I start off as a bellman, I mean bellwoman, which turns out to be more challenging than I expected. I struggle to stack the rolling cart with luggage—I should have known that Louis Vuitton train cases aren't exactly light—and guests don't respond too well to: "I can put your bags on the cart and wheel them in, but I don't do elevators. Ever." Next up was room service

clockwise from top left: taxis stop for a girl in uniform. who travels with this much designer luggage? oh wait. . yes folks, the address is in fact, 60 thompson: dust busting; heavy lifting doesn't make me happy.

clockwise from top left: no, that is not a personal call; taking the stairs should really earn a bigger tip; don't mind if i do; i swear the media type is not our fashion director j. errico; shaken not stirred; jason clearly thinks i'm hilarious.

and cleaning. I make a dinner delivery to what I will refer to as a "media type" in room 70 (located in the wing that had a recent face-lift) who isn't too pleased when I help myself to a bite of his meal. How can I resist one of the city's best cheeseburgers? I try my hand at some dusting, but quickly lose interest. I resort to bed-making, with hospital corners of course, a housekeeping task I am actually quite adept at since I am a firm believer that a neat bed can make the messiest rooms look infinitely cleaner.

I take a little break before my next job to steal a few giant-size Hershey bars from the mini-bar cart (hey, at least it wasn't vodka!) and to, at long last, sneak away for a costume change. Why? Because I am heading up to the exclusive rooftop lounge for my cocktail waitress duties, and I obviously won't be earning any tips wearing that black get-up. I slip into a hotel-issue Nicole Miller mini dress—naturally, the Supers stay put—and get ready to take orders (something I've been told I'm not the best at). Mr. Pomeranc himself is up there, and he immediately orders a tequila shot, neat—I'm not really clear on what that means, but he drinks what I hand him (and I sneak a sip too), so the bartenders clearly know what they're doing.

Last but not least, I go down to work the check-in desk, to show off just how hospitable I can be. I'm used to answering the phone all day so I'm a natural at that task, and I'm a quick study with making room keys (could a locksmith Factory Girl be in my future?). The truth is, though, that while I have a lot more respect for what goes on behind the scene at a luxury hotel, I'd rathe stick to what I'm truly an expert at: being a guest.

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garden of edun

NOW THAT DESIGNER ALI HEWSON HAS PERFECTED EDUN'S SOCIALLY AND ENVIRONMENTALLY CONSCIOUS PRACTICES, IT'S TIME TO HAVE SOME FUN WITH THE CLOTHES. BY RAJNI LUCIENNE JACQUES. PHOTOGRAPHED BY FINLEY FARRELLY

Ali Hewson is wearing a long black coat, dark blue jeans, and cork wedges that elevate her tiny stature to about 5'5". When she walks into the quaint Dublin restaurant where we meet, everyone looks out of the corners of their eyes. It's unclear whether they're staring because they know who she is—Hewson is U2 singer Bono's wife—or if it's simply because she commands attention. With her perfectly polished look, the latter seems to be the case. She takes a seat at the table and proceeds to apologize for being a "tad bit" late. She is easy to forgive.

Our day is pretty much planned out: Eat lunch at the cafe and then walk over to Drury Street for a photoshoot of Edun's fall '08 collection—Hewson's clothing label with Rogan Gregory that's all about ethical production and high style. "We've come a long way," says Hewson, as we finish our food and make our way to the shoot. "It was a huge learning curve."

Edun, which has been around for eight seasons, remains the leader in progressive manufacturing. Their main focus is to help build up communities and create sustainable employment in economically depressed countries—like India, Uganda, Kenya, and Peru, to name a few—by producing garments there. And, of course, there's the eco-friendly aspect: The company makes sure everything is made in a way that causes the least harm to the planet—they grow their own cotton which eliminates the use of toxic pesticides, and they even have a program called the Conservation Cotton Initiative in conjunction with the Wild Life Conservation Society, which teaches and supports African farmers to grow and cultivate the plant organically. "When we first started, it was all about a good story, but now we can really focus on the designs."

This season's creations were inspired by nocturnes—tranquil, expressive, and dark musical compositions inspired by the night. "Edun's aesthetic is a mix of music, poetry, and different art forms," says Hewson. "It's got nature, it's about night, it's dark, mysterious, and sexy." The women's collection features T-shirt dresses with snowflake prints, blouses and tunics adorned with exposed zippers, beautifully tailored silk shirt dresses, a structured trench coat with all-over button details, and basics like jeans. And all of these minimalist pieces are jazzed-up by using lush materials such as silks, cotton, alpaca and wool blends, lace, and metallic threads.

It's obvious from Hewson's enthusiasm that she is proud to see her label flourish and garner international attention. For every garment at the day's shoot, she has a story behind it. But whether it's her favorite piece—an asymmetrical sweater dress—or just a T-shirt, Hewson knows that the important thing is that the clothes are desirable to the customer. "We have the social aspect of Edun down, but we are also trying to make clothes that you can wear to look good," says Hewson.

Even though Edun has become a major player, Hewson insists that it took time to build up the brand, despite her celebrity status. "We are a small company trying to do big things," she says. "At times it was difficult—and still can be difficult—for this tiny little company." It's now 5 p.m. and our day together is winding down. Hewson has a charity event to attend in another country. So now, with daughter in tow, she says her goodbyes, turns the corner and disappears. And just like when she walked into the restaurant earlier, as she leaves, she elicits stares from the people on the street. Yes, that's Bono's wife, but she definitely commands attention on her own.

jeans addiction

TRUE RELIGION—THE BRAND THAT GAVE YOU MORE BOOTY FOR YOUR BUCK—HAS TWO NEW STYLES WORTH COPPING. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MATTHEW KRISTALL

VEST AND HAT BY ALEXANDER WANG, TANK BY JOIE, JEANS BY TRUE RELIGION, SHOES BY MANOLO BLAHNIK FOR ALEXANDER WANG, SCARF BY GAP.

When the premium denim market exploded about a decade ago (remember when $250 jeans became the norm?), True Religion was one of the major players, not for hard-to-find washes or antique denim sourced from far-flung corners of the globe, but for—pardon our frankness—ass-flattery.

The company—founded by Jeffrey Lubell in 2002—made '70s-style denim (most notably, the low-rise boot cut) its signature, along with loud contrast stitching and a horseshoe logo emblazoned on the back pockets. Anyone looking for an instant derriere lift followed the lead of unwitting brand ambassadors like Jessica Alba and Beyoncé, who regularly donned pairs. And with a company mantra of "timeless, hippie, bohemian, chic," True Religion has built a cult following of girls lusting after that laid-back, Cali-babe vibe.

For fall '08 they are introducing the Disco jean in blue, black, and white stretch denim with clear and gold Swarovski crystals on the buttons and rivets—a style that a back-in-the-day Bianca Jagger surely would have approved of. The brand is also launching the streamlined Rockstar jean, which plays up your natural curves with its tromp l'oeil pockets—perfect for drawing attention to your, um, assets without the added bulk. These second-skin jeans may look super tight, but a four-way, Lycra-aided stretch lets you twist and turn, allowing for the most bad-ass stage moves. KATIE HINTZ

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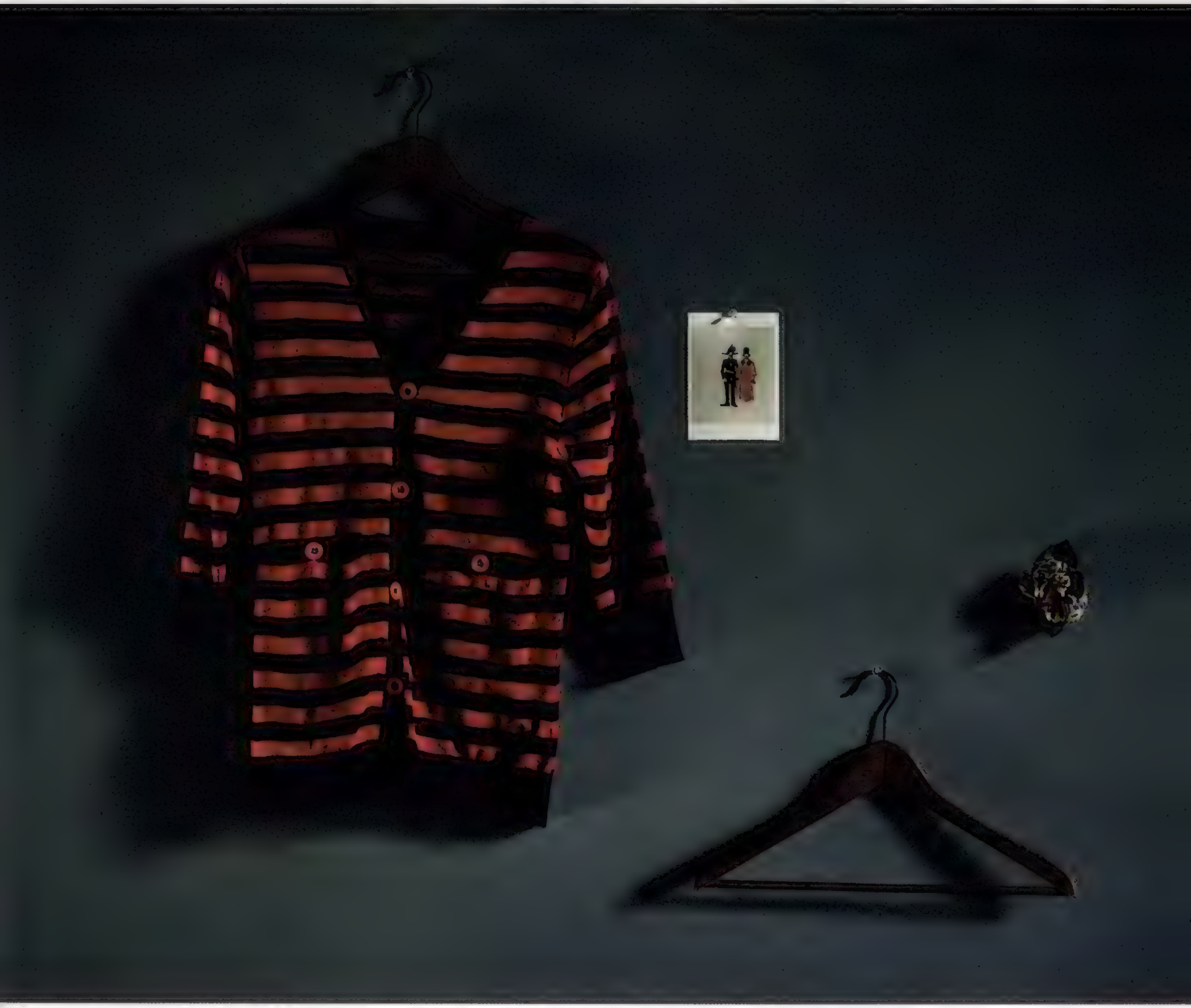

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it's the remix

M.I.A.'S WARDROBE IS AS KALEIDOSCOPIC AS HER WORLDLY SOUNDS. LUCKILY FOR US, THE MUSICIAN AND ARTIST HAS ADDED DESIGNER TO HER RÉSUMÉ. BY SAMANTHA GILEWICZ. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELIZABETH WEINBERG

"I hate doing the hard sell," confesses M.I.A. "From day one, everyone's been sticking microphones in my face, but I want to build a community and a culture; it's not about going, 'Ohhh, this is my shit, you have to go get it.'"

The way M.I.A., born Mathangi "Maya" Arulpragasam, sees things, her fans are her extended family—a technicolor-clad, dancehall-rocking clan that don't get dizzy when they visit her chaotic website. So, it's no surprise that news of the Sri Lankan's new fashion line came to her fans via an offbeat video that she posted online. Entitled *Real Pirates of the Caribbean*, it follows Okley Leslie, a peroxide-fro'd local island kid as he traipses about in Day-Glo garb that looks as though he swiped it straight off of M.I.A.'s back, and the credits read: "Film and Clothes by M.I.A."

"It's not really...like, a fashion line...as such," she says gingerly, meditating on every syllable. "There were loads of homemade clothes in the "Galang" [*Arular*, 2005] music video, but a lot of that just went over peoples' heads, or got ripped off by major labels...and that used to really piss me off!" Frustrated by hackneyed tour merchandisers censoring her innovative designs "because they're still making T-shirts with a little logo in the center from 20 years ago," she ventured out to do her own thing. Interscope gave M.I.A. a record label—under which the as-yet-eponymous fashion-line-that-isn't-really-a-line falls—called NEET, for Not in Education, Employment, or Training. It's also 'teen' spelled backwards. "I decided to name it after a bunch of teenagers because the clothes are definitely inspired by my personal style that I'm kind of inflicting on youth culture," she says. "I wanted to make something that gives you a 360-degree experience: the video ties into the song, the clothes tie into the album artwork."

The result is a debut collection of bomber jackets and a jumpsuit with wild, pixilated prints ("That all-in-one thing is my favorite, but I haven't been on the road for a while and I'd feel a bit podgy!"), T-shirts featuring watermelon stencils from the "Bird Flu" [*Kala*, 2007] video, and a sweater that has How Many How Many written on it with a cowhide-patterned lettering from the video single "Boyz."

"The artwork came from being everywhere," says M.I.A. "I got inspiration from the paintings inside rickshaw taxis in India, these crappy bootleg Madonna stickers in Africa... It's, like, this weird understanding of Western things but they get it all wrong—and it's the getting it wrong part that I really like." M.I.A., on the other hand, is on the right track. Under the umbrella of NEET, she is producing 17-year-old rap star Rye Rye's debut album, as well as recording herself. "I know! Everyone is like, 'She's retired!' she says, addressing her announcement this summer that the Bonnaroo music festival would be her last show. "I'm not retired; I actually feel like someone has given me shock treatment and brought me back to life! As for the fashion line, she adds with gravitas, "I don't want to be like J-Lo and P. Diddy. I want to keep it underground."

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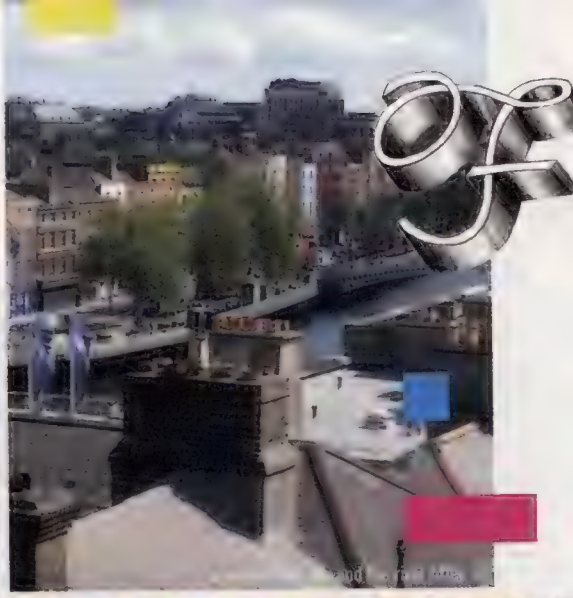
the emerald city

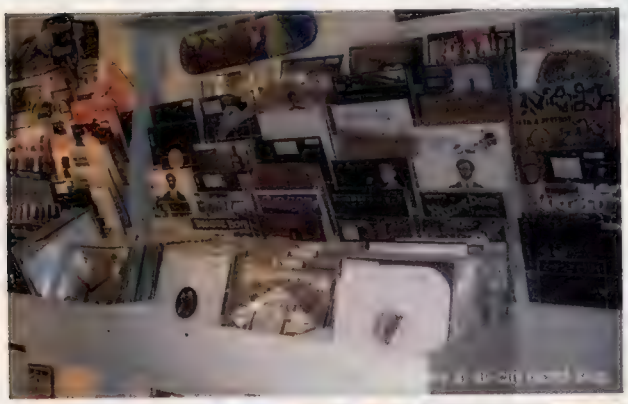
SURPRISE, DUBLIN IS COOLER THAN YOU THOUGHT.

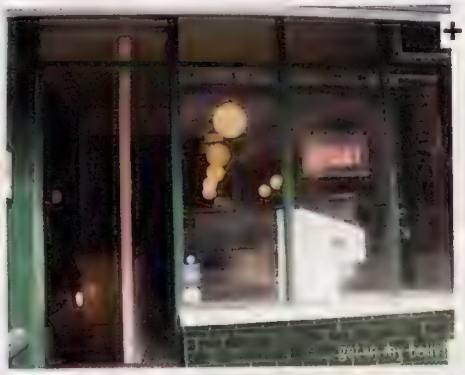
It's a warm and sunny day in Dublin, Ireland, and everyone in the streets on this picturesque Friday afternoon seems to be in a particularly good mood. The savory aroma of food wafts out from restaurants, and the thoroughfare is lined with unique shops and lively pubs. Everything is so bizarrely perfect that I can't help but think that this is not the Dublin I had in mind. I always imagined it to be gray, rainy, and, to be honest, boring. But I quickly realize that what I'm seeing is the Dublin that not many people outside of, well, Dublin know—a forward-thinking, often sunny, extremely beautiful and festive city.
RAJNI LUCIENNE JACQUES

student: joanna kyrim



it's just like heaven at harlequin vintage





a store I'd come

circus has so many goodies to choose from

+ places to eat, shop, and see

CIRCUS STORE AND GALLERY

It's only been open for about a year, but this minima space hidden away in a shopping center serves up a bevy of Scandinavian designers, like Henrik Vibsko French labels such as Yazbukey; and avant-garde duds by Marjan Pejoski (who made Björk's legendar swan dress for the 2001 Academy Awards).
Powerscourt Townhouse Shopping Centre, South William Street, Dublin 2

GRUEL

This is healthy, hearty, delicious fare at its best. Locate in the middle of town, this cozy restaurant is all abou fine dining without a whiff of pretentiousness. Try th French toast with bacon and berry compote, or the mushroom, leek and parmesan tart.
68a Dame Street, Dublin 2

HARLEQUIN VINTAGE

Ever wonder what it would be like to have an amazin closet filled with goodies like '20s dresses, top hats, grandma handbags, over-sized Dior sunglasses, an sequined blazers from the '80s? Well, go to Harlequi Vintage and you'll find just that.
13 Castle Market, Dublin 2

ALL-CITY RECORD SHOP

All-City is a spot that should be on everyone's Dublin must-visit list. Open since 2001, it's a recor store, gallery—you can buy graffiti canvases by loca artists—clothing store, and music label. They eve teach graffiti classes to kids.
4 Crow Street, Dublin 2

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skip to my lou

FRENCH ACTRESS, MODEL, MUSICIAN, AND DESIGNER LOU DOILLON IS BACK WITH A NEW COLLECTION FOR LEE COOPER JEANS. AND IT'S NO SOPHOMORE SLUMP. BY SAMANTHA GILEWICZ

Lou Doillon is odd-looking—she is what the French like to call *jolie-laide*. With her feline eyes, jutting cheekbones, and gangly limbs, the 26-year-old gamine's appearance is made all the more striking by an exaggerated overbite that makes her lips look indefinitely pursed for a kiss. "I always wanted to look like a little animal that you would want to pick up and take home," says Doillon, with a smoky, Gallic lilt. "The girl who has the perfect body freaks me out. I always found my mother extremely moving because she had no boobs."

The daughter of actress Jane Birkin and director Jacques Doillon, granddaughter of cabaret star Judy Campbell, and half-sister to chanteuse Charlotte Gainsbourg, Lou was practically born into the French creative class. Her acting oeuvre includes roles in *Embrassez qui vous voudrez* (2002), with Charlotte Rampling; *Go Go Tales* (2007), opposite Asia Argento; and she is set to star in Samuel Beckett's play, *The Image*, on Broadway.

What took a bit longer to establish was her congenitally eccentric sense of style. "Because I was born in the '80s, I didn't know the fashionable Jane Birkin of the '70s," says Doillon, who has transformed from a tattooed 12-year-old with dreadlocks and a tongue stud to the face of Chanel, Givenchy, and Miu Miu. "In a way, I was kind of ashamed of being bourgeoisie. I was full-on thrift shops, stitched patchworks all over my pants, wore Grateful Dead T-shirts... I was a hippie rasta. I always think, these days, that if I ran into myself when I was 15, my teenage self would slap me—I sold my soul to the devil!"

The devil, in fact, in blue jeans. Last fall, Doillon inked a deal with denim label Lee Cooper for a six-season collaboration, struck by their century-old cachet ("They are French and English, with a kind of double passport like me; and while American jeans are made for cowboys, these are made for workers."), 1970's slapstick advertising campaigns ("They had a 'Bottom Inspector' check to see if your butt was nice in your Lee Coopers!"), and ties to music (they sponsor the annual Dubai Desert rock festival, where bands like the Darkness have played). "The brand is super into rock 'n' roll," says Doillon—who is currently working on an album featuring her breathy vocals and acoustic ukulele strums.

While Doillon's own denim is embellished with permanent marker scribbles courtesy of her 7-year-old son, Marlowe, the inspiration behind Lou Doillon by Lee Cooper's second collection is more literary. "I only knew girls who dress up in a comical way, in the sense that they become someone, like the Artful Dodger of *Oliver Twist* pretending to be tough," says Doillon. "So, I made high-waisted trousers that had loads of little buttons and biker jackets that made you feel like you had armor on. I was trying to find a kooky version of the girl who wants to dress like a boy."

A look from the fall '08 collection.

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getting to know you

MEET A FEW OF THE NEW FACES IN THE CALVIN KLEIN JEANS FALL '08 CAMPAIGN.

Agnete Hegelund-Hansen

Name: Agnete Hegelund-Hansen
Age: 20
Agency: Next, New York and 2pm, Denmark
Hometown: Odense, Denmark

When did you start modeling? I did my first Fashion Week in September 2007. Before that I worked in Denmark, but only when school allowed it.

How were you discovered? I was shopping at a clothing store in Copenhagen when a scout saw me.

What did you want to be before you started modeling? An author

What is your favorite city? New York and Copenhagen

What's on your iPod? Band of Horses, Arcade Fire, Depeche Mode, David Bowie, Velvet Underground

What are you reading? *Kafka on the Shore* by Haruki Murakami

What three words describe you best? I think you have to ask my friends that.

on set for the fall '08 calvin klein jeans campaign shoot.

Abbey Lee

Name: Abbey Lee
Age: 21
Agency: Next
Hometown: Melbourne, Australia

When did you start modeling? Three years ago.

How were you discovered? I was scouted while walking on the beach with my grandma, somewhere along the coast of New South Wales in Australia.

What did you want to be before you started modeling? A dolphin trainer. I practiced holding my breath in the bath because I was sure it was one of the qualifications. Shame you had to be good at science, too.

Who is your style icon? No one. When I wake up in the morning I dress according to how I feel and what's on top of the pile on my floor.

If you weren't a model what would you be doing? I'd be in art therapy or probably running around trying to find myself.

Where do you hang out? Under trees, on the couch, or at my art table.

What three words describe you best? Sensitive, preoccupied, and curious.

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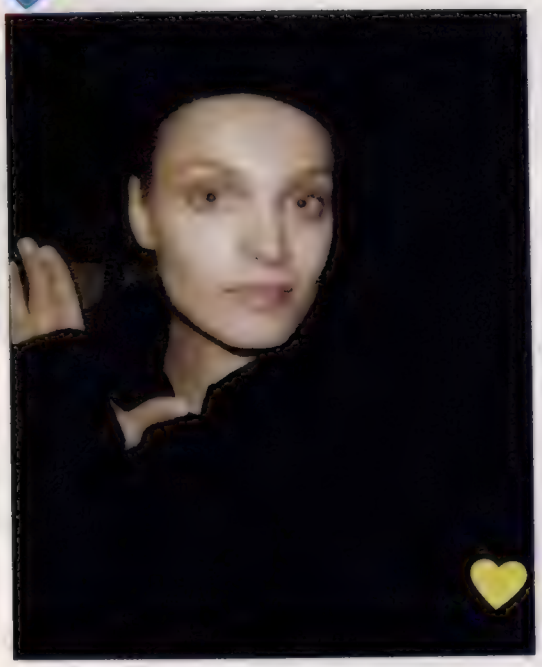
Anna Jagodzinska



Name: Anna Jagodzinska
Age: 20
Agency: Next
Hometown: Sierpc, Poland

How were you discovered?
At a modeling competition.

What did you want to be before you started modeling?
Grown up.

What is your favorite city?
Ojai, California

Who is your style icon?
Catherine Deneuve

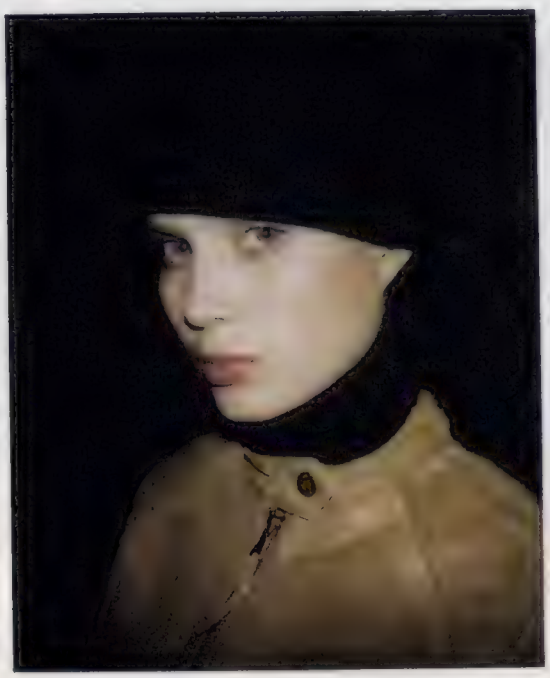
What's a perk of being a model? Traveling is a perk and a curse.

What are you reading?
The Chronicles of Narnia

Where do you hang out?
Hmmm...with the turtles.

What three words describe you best? Positive. Proud. Polish.

Elsa Sylvan



Name: Elsa Sylvan
Age:19
Agency: DNA
Hometown: Stockholm, Sweden

How were you discovered?
At an amusement park in Stockholm.

What did you want to be before you started modeling?
I still ask myself that question and still dream of becoming a farmer.

What is your favorite city?
New York City and Mexico City

Who is your style icon?
People on the subway inspire me.

What's a perk of being a model? In the smallest way, being a part of the history of fashion and modeling—only a few get to experience it.

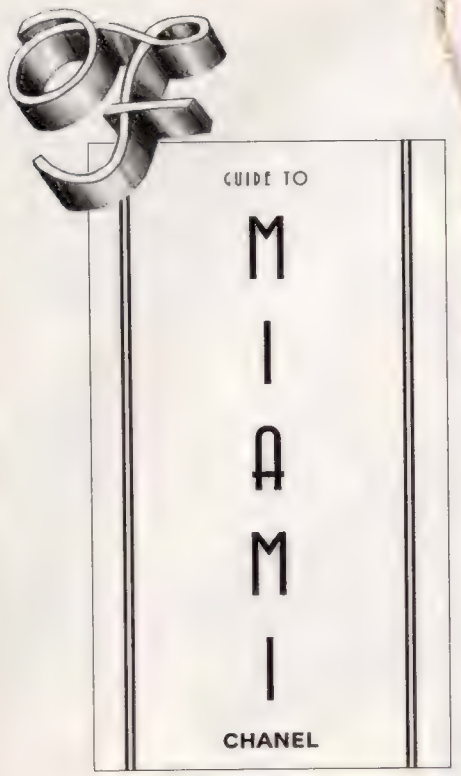
What's on your iPod? My iPod is uncharged these days—I'm trying to get away from it.

If you weren't a model what would you be doing? Learning Chinese in the mountains of China and Tibet.

What three words desvcribe you best? Curious, stubborn, and fearless.

VAIDER SUPRANS.COM

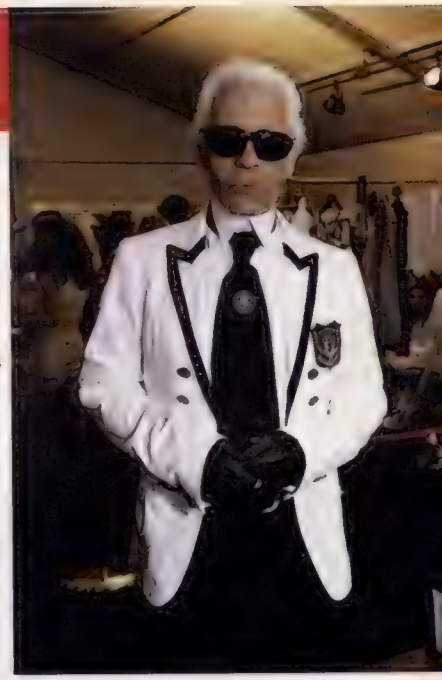
SUPRA

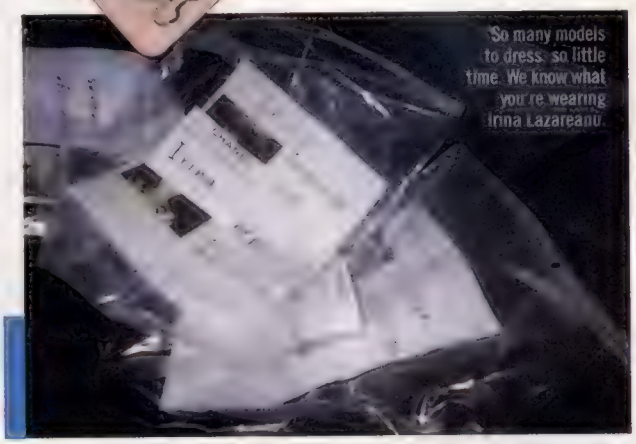


This is how we "cruise" Miami.

Don't be jealous of NYLON's all-access pass.

The Kaiser Chief in the flesh— a man of impeccable character and style.





♡ Male model Brad Kroeni gets pampered backstage. What a life.

some like it hot!

IN THE GRAND WORLD OF CHANEL, EVERYTHING IS BIGGER AND BETTER. SO IT WAS TO BE EXPECTED THAT THE SHOWING OF THEIR 2009 CRUISE COLLECTION AT MIAMI'S LUXURIOUS RALEIGH HOTEL WOULD BE OVER THE TOP. *NYLON*'S DANI STAHL SECURES BACKSTAGE ACCESS AND REPORTS BACK ON THE SPECTACULAR SHOW THAT KARL LAGERFELD AND COMPANY PULLED OFF.

Chanel PR girls Nancy, Ari, Annie, and Ali sure know how to put together a hot event.

The Pro Lumière enhancer bronzer was specially created by Chanel labs for the show.

Global Director of Chanel Beauté Peter Phillip shows off the latest color palette.

Check out the fancy display outside the Raleigh. How do we spell Chanel? Shall we count the ways?

This is our favorite look from Cruise '09. A sequined blazer, skinny tie, and pants perfect for a night out, but with a shirt, of course.

These synchronized swimmers donned letters that spelled out C-H-A-N-E-L. But the best part was the finale, when the girls linked up to create the famous double C logo in the pool. Priceless.

Every season Chanel puts their renowned logo on sporting goods, and this time it's a beach ball, baby.

The models literally walked on water for this runway show. Mr. Lagerfeld has outdone himself once again.

news

VELVET UNDERGROUND

Palm Beach-based brand Stubbs and Wootton specialize in traditional monogrammed evening slippers, but this season they've branched out to feature unconventional designs like barbed wire, sultry lips, and political insignias—which are perfect in this election year. Instead of drawing from customary country club aesthetics alone, owner Percy Steinhart looks to "everything and nothing" for inspiration, from Baroque paintings to dirty sidewalks. "Fall's designs came directly from the street. One of our new symbols is a New York City sewer cover," explains Steinhart, who started the label 15 years ago. The brand's direction of fusing preppy and urban grit is best embodied in its most sought-after monogram: a skull and crossbones. "We translated some very stodgy, Edwardian evening slippers into a shoe that can be worn with everything, from shorts to black-tie to blue jeans." LUCIA DELLA PAOLERA

For more information, see stubbsandwootton.com.

graphic design

Another month, another Target Go International collaboration, and this time around the designer getting in on the mass-retailer fun is Scotsman Jonathan Saunders. Saunders, who graduated from London's Central Saint Martins in 2002, is a master printmaker who uses unexpected patterns and color combinations to modernize simple silhouettes. "The marble print throughout the collection is fantastic," says Saunders. "It's a distinctive burst of color that won't go unnoticed." The rest of the line is a kaleidoscope of bold reds, yellows, and blues emblazoned on shift dresses, T-shirts, and button-downs. There are also sophisticated cropped vests, long sweater cardigans, and a wide reversible belt to cinch everything with. "This is for the girl who likes to express her individualism," Saunders says. Mission accomplished. RAJNI LUCIENNE JACQUES

For more information, see target.com.

log on:

PRETAPORTOBELLO.COM

Topshop is set to open its U.S. doors any minute; Agyness Deyn has become a fixtur on the streets of SoHo; and now, we can browse London's Portobello market without leaving our living rooms. Pretaportobello is an idea so simple, we wish we'd thought of it first: Bombarded by shopping requests from out-of-town friends before their weekl market jaunts, sisters Lisette, Victoria, and Georgina Cooper decided to bring their favorite Portobello designers and vintage dealers together under one virtual roof. Just like the real market, shoppers can haggle with traders for the best bargains, but speed is essential—many pieces are one-of-a-kind or made in limited editions. "London's markets are great, vibe-y places, but not as accessible as they could be," explains Lisette. "There are lots of designs that you won't get anywhere else. There's a bit of kudos in saying you've discovered something at the market—it shows you know your fashion." Looks like the Brits won't have a monopoly on that offbeat eccentric look fo much longer. ERIN MAGNER

For more information, see pretaportobello.co

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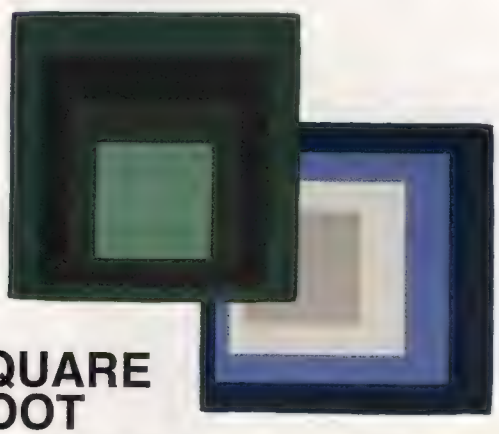
show us your 'stache

Mustache acceptance is currently at an all-time high—or, at least, the highest it's been since the '70s. Movember (movember.com/au) is an annual, Australia-born event that encourages men to grow their "mos" during the month of November to raise money for prostate cancer research. The American Mustache Institute (americanmustacheinstitute.org), really does exist, and bills itself as "the only mustache advocacy group and think-tank in the world." And for those who don't have mustaches but wish they did, there's always a fingerstache (fingerstache.ning.com)—a mustache tattooed or drawn upon a finger to be conveniently held above the upper lip whenever the mood strikes. In such spirit is this rash of monocle-style mustache necklaces, which could definitely come in handy if the situation gets a little hairy. KATE WILLIAMS

1. Digby and Iona Inspector Clouseau Mustache, digbyandiona.com; 2. Ach Ach Liebling Mustache, achachliebling.com; 3. Tatty Devine Artist's Mustache, tattydevine.com; 4. Recklace Joy Drunken Mustache, recklacejoy.com.



SQUARE ROOT

German mathematician and abstract painter Josef Albers once said, "In visual perception, a color is almost never seen as it really is—as it physically is. This fact makes color the most relative medium in art." The late Albers was best known for his use of patterns and intense hues in his series *Homage to the Square*, and this fall, French powerhouse Hermès is honoring him with a collection of "carres" (silk squares). The limited-edition line of scarves, titled Hommage au Carré, stays true to Alber's perfectionist attitude toward visual detail—six of his works have been transferred onto silk through an innovative printing process called "edge to edge," which enables colors to touch but not overlap, creating a maze-like effect. The result is an illusion of infinite chromatic variations, within an unchanging form, that range in hues from misty gray to garden green. AG

For more information, see hermes.com.

space invader: TOPSHOP

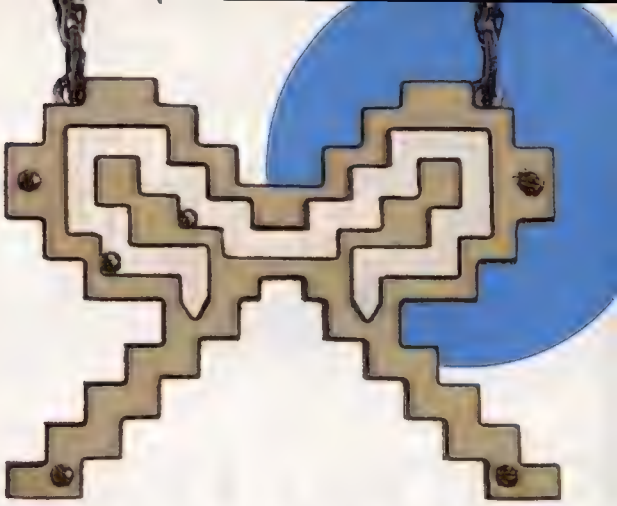
After months of drool-inducing anticipation, the wait for Topshop's U.S. debut is finally over. The cult British chain is opening its American flagship space in SoHo this month, meaning we can now stock up on our favorite British duds without trekking to London. The three-level store will carry Topshop's new high-fashion line, Topman designs, the Kate Moss collection (which will have its own boutique on the first floor), their denim range as well as original designs by the likes of English fashion stars Todd Lynn, Markus Lupfer, and Emma Cook. And if multiple floors of retail utopia isn't enough to lure you in, Topshop SoHo will also boast a VIP suite for celebrity shoppers, a DJ booth suspended from the ceiling, and like their London flagship, a candy store. Sounds pretty sweet. LDP

For more information, see topshop.com.

cheaper by the dozen

"My friends and I can't afford the clothes that we really, really want," says Michelle Williams, the designer behind the label Quail. And while we can all relate to that statement, Williams decided to do something about it, pricing items in her Long Beach-based line in the $40-$110 range. "I see the Quail girl as someone in her mid-twenties and working full time," says Williams, who is just 25 years old herself. "She needs to look professional while letting her personality shine through." For fall, this translates to slim black tanks tucked into slouchy high-waisted trousers, sweet babydoll dresses with pleated necklines and bowed sleeves, and sexy pencil skirts in colors such as royal purple and coral. The vintage feel of the clothes makes sense once you realize where the name of the label comes from. "I always enjoyed reading the '60s hipster slang book *Straight from the Fridge, Dad* by Max Decharne," says the thrift store-loving Williams. "In the book, 'quail' is a term used to describe a girl or woman." KATIE HINTZ

For more information, see qisforquail.com.



FIDDLE ME THIS

"A fidgeting addiction was the driving force behind the Oh Fiddlesticks range," says Milenka Osen, who, with Georgie Swift, is behind jewelry line Turn Me On Design. The two met while studying design and textiles at Sydney's College of Fine Arts, and last year set out to fuse fashion with function. The result is a collection of necklaces that double as mazes, magnet puzzles, and balancing ball games. Handcrafted woodcut charms shaped like diamonds, hearts, and bow ties evoke childhood nostalgia, but also cause utter frustration when you can't get the ball in the friggin' hole! Their upcoming collection, Smoke & Mirrors, is more challenging still: "It's a mysterious range of silver jewelry," says Osen, "with pieces that are derived from geometry and logic." Better crack open those math books. SAMANTHA GILEWICZ

For more information, see myspace.com/turnmeondesign.

space invader: RARE VINTAGE, NEW YORK

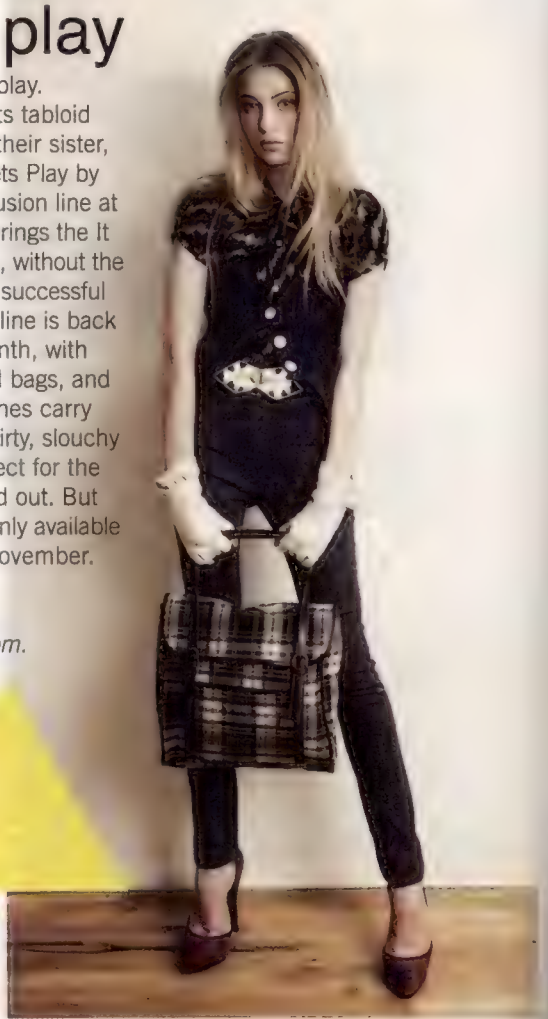
"I wanted to create a vintage store that didn't look like a boudoir," says Rare Vintage owner Juliana Cairone. "The pieces look modern against the cement floors and the neon chandeliers." Located on the fifth floor of an art gallery building, with sunlight streaming in through floor-to-ceiling windows, the space is perfect for an upscale boutique. Cairone opened Rare in early 2007, and has been a devoted collector of antique pieces since age 11, when she wrote to Diana Vreeland and received a handwritten response of encouragement from the legendary editor. Drawing much of her collection from Italy and France, Cairone stocks her shop with a mix of couture and demure day dresses. A cream and ebony Pierre Balmain lace dress is on display, while a Nina Ricci tropical-hued ball gown shares a rack with a Versace black leather bondage bra. The décor boasts unexpected touches, such as a red neon light that spells LBD on the wall. Cairone also plans to expand the shoes and accessories selection for fall: "I've gotten so obsessed with vintage Manolo Blahnik!" ARIELLA GOGOL

24 W. 57th Street, Suite 501, 212.581.7273.

play by play

Mark Ronson gets airplay. Samantha Ronson gets tabloid play. But what about their sister, Charlotte? Well, she gets Play by C. Ronson, a new diffusion line at Urban Outfitters that brings the It Girl look to the masses, without the hefty price tag. After a successful launch in August, the line is back for an encore this month, with crochet jumpers, plaid bags, and minidresses. The clothes carry Charlotte's signature flirty, slouchy essence and are perfect for the girl who wants to stand out. But get 'em fast—they're only available through the end of November. FARAN KRENTCIL

For more information, see urbanoutfitters.com.



play by c. ronson: photographed by charlotte wright, styled by [illegible]

news

hype
www.hypestyle.com

wrap around

"Handbags and shoes are the kings and queens of accessories, but we feel the scarf is just as glamorous," says Gillian Leigh, who, along with Susann Luca, is hoping to earn the accessory a much-deserved place on the throne. Fittingly, the pair met on a Brooklyn subway platform while admiring one another's scarves. They soon noticed a gap in the market for a luxury line of scarves and teamed up to create Leigh & Luca—which combines traditionally woven materials with bold artist-penned imagery. Each oversized cotton, cashmere or silk scarf is made on centuries-old jacquard looms in Mongolia; highlights for fall include a six foot long, feather-print "maxi-scarf," and a camo version, complete with a pattern of dogtags, tanks, and dollar signs. "Neither of us can leave the house without a scarf," says Leigh. "We can wear black eight days a week without looking boring!" With trendsetters like the Olsen twins already counted as fans, we think Leigh & Luca's revolution has a good chance of success. EM
For more information, see leighluca.com.

hardy girl

"I wanted to make something that Françoise Hardy might wear... something sort of tomboyish but still cool," says artist and musician Kim Gordon, who has collaborated with Satine boutique on a design project under the name Mirror/Dash (the moniker comes from an experimental music duo that Gordon formed with her husband and fellow Sonic Youth bandmate, Thurston Moore). Gordon is no stranger to the fashion world—she used to helm streetwear label X-Girl before it was sold in 1998. But her new venture is more upscale than the T-shirts of yore: Gordon and Satine have created a wool zip-up coat with a high collar and oversize buttons adorning the pockets and shoulders. The best part is that while it may look like a jacket, it fits and feels like a sweatshirt. "When I'm on tour I always bring way too many clothes," Gordon says. "So I wanted something that would be warm enough, but not too heavy, for all kinds of weather." RLJ
Available at Satine L.A. and Japan.

GAME TIME

Monn'Amur designer Friedia Niimura has had her fair share of outlandish experiences, including eating soup made from a deer's nether regions. "I really did survive a Japanese game show!" says Niimura. In fact, she hosted several variety shows, modeled, and fronted Japanese punk band Grizzly until she moved to L.A. four years ago. Monn'Amur (Niimura's middle name) is a look that's just as unexpected as its designer's past: faux-fur bomber jackets, fitted plaid shirts with ruffles, and dyed batwing T-shirts. "I wanted it to be a fusion of edge and casual: Tokyo meets L.A.," explains Niimura of her label, which is less than a year old. "The Monn'Amur girl has great stories, and she is down for anything." This season's standouts include sweatshirts with refined detailing and high-waisted pants with double zippers. "I want to do and explore everything—and never play it safe," says the designer. NATALIE TOREN
For more information, see monnamur.com.

FredPerry.com/Subculture

BACK TO SCHOOL

Biology was always a dreaded class—the stench of formaldehyde, those too-tight lab goggles and, of course, that awkward task of choosing a lab partner. Fortunately—for some of us—those days are long gone, but now we have Genetic Denim to help us remember the scientific terms but spare us the torture. Adding to their core designs, which include the Recessive Gene, Dominant Gene, and Mutated Gene, the new fall collection—named "Graffiti" because of its use of vibrant colors—features the Shane Recessive Cigarette style (a flattering, lean denim cut) in crayon colors like "school bus yellow" and "peek-a-boo blue." They even come in a super-shiny coated finish that resembles leather pants. But beware: for those of you still in school, the skintight silhouette could get you sent straight to the principal's office. AG

For more information, see geneticdenim.com.

WE BE JAMMIN'

James Boone's résumé includes stints at Old Navy, Ralph Lauren, and avant-garde collective ThreeASFOUR, and now, she can add her own line, JamJam, to her list of achievements. Her first collection is inspired by the city that never sleeps and the eclectic cast of characters that color its streets. "It's hard to survive in New York, so you have to work with what you've got," she explains. "I love seeing girls with confidence and an individual sense of style—girls who can look cool rocking their brother's ripped-up Erasure T-shirt with a pair of wool shorts and vintage motorcycle boots." The collection effortlessly combines all of her past design experiences: an impeccably tailored tweed pencil skirt with neon lining harks back to Ralph, while a sexy turtleneck bodysuit with an exposed zipper up the back is infused with the experimental edge of ThreeASFOUR. So which quintessential New York girl did Boone have in mind while designing? "Debbie Harry in the '70s—she was living on the Bowery and didn't have a lot of money but she would pull herself together in such a cool way." EM

For more information, visit myjamjam.com.

knitted bliss

Designer Michelle Zacks brings her four-year-old knitwear line, Spring & Clifton, to Urban Outfitters this fall with the line S♥C by Spring & Clifton. "I was inspired by '80s California meets today's downtown New York, Madonna in her "Like A Virgin" stage, and every lyric of every song ever written by the Smiths," says Zacks of her capsule collection. The 33-year-old designer cut her chops at Charlotte Ronson and ALIFE, and has built her own name on flirty, sporty threads. Get ready to scoop up striped mini-dresses in cream or black-and-red combos, a cropped bomber jacket with gold zippers, and—our favorite—a heather gray cotton tank with a kangaroo-pouch pocket and Kelly green suspenders. KH

For more information, see urbanoutfitters.com.

drink of the month

DARK ANGEL

Pour 3 oz. Cointreau Noir over ice cubes in a tumbler. Garnish with orange twist. Revel in the taste of fruity liqueur mixed with woodsy cognac...very masculin et féminin.

WHERE OLD AND NEW HOLLYWOOD ENTWINE

ROOSEVELT

A THOMPSON HOTEL

Douglas Fairbanks giving Janet Gaynor the first Best Actress Oscar at the inaugural Academy Awards Show in 1929, held at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel.

thompsonhotels.com

THOMPSON HOTELS

news

hippie chick

New label Golden State is all about romantic floral-print peasant dresses, embroidered Mexicali-style tunics and vintage cut jeans that are faded and worn in all the right places. "We're inspired by the earthy, free-flowing lifestyle of California in the '60s. It's Janis Joplin meets the Malibu girl," says head designer Rokhsan Enanoria. While Golden State abides by the usual green rules—using sustainable fabrics and starting a corporate recycling program—they're also writing some of their own. These include company-wide beach clean-ups, in-house educational seminars about wildlife preservation and environmental issues, and an initiative that earmarks five dollars from every purchase of an organic cotton T-shirt for charity. "Change starts from within," explains Enanoria. "By taking little steps, we ultimately want to be more involved with environmental charities and make our warehouse and office totally eco-friendly." What's not to love about a fashion brand that isn't afraid to get its hands dirty to make the world a bit cleaner? EM
For more information, visit goldenstateclothing.com.

FAMILY VALUES

Fashion brands have long had their diffusion lines, and now, a beauty company follows suit. Patyka, th high-end organic brand recognized for its exquisite skincare and fragrance formulations, is bringing the more wallet-friendly line, Family, Stateside. Like its pricier older sister, Family uses only the finest botanica ingredients and avoids all sulfates, parabens, silicone petroleum products, and synthetic fragrances. The li which, as the name suggests, is suitable for the entire family includes a rich 100% organic shea butter salv a creamy, super-gentle face cleansing milk, and a lushly-scented lime body scrub. Unlike its sister brand Family comes in durable, green plastic containers instead of glass apothecary-style jars, which, for the clumsy among us, is priceless. FIORELLA VALDESOLO
Available at patykausa.com.

green house

First there was Natalie Portman's vegan, limited-edition shoe line for Té Casan, and now, non-leather-wearing girls have another stylish option with new label OlsenHaus. With a moniker that's an anagram of the designer's name, Elizabeth Olsen, and the German word for house, the eco-friendly brand delivers a silver speckled line of booties, peep-toe lace-ups, and slides. OlsenHaus also includes splatter paint designs in vibrant shades of magenta, cobalt, and lime. And the rainbow graffiti-style wedges, as well as the black-and-white graphic print stilettos, beckon the more adventurous among us. The label also embellishes its heels with unexpected buttons, and classic silhouettes are spruced up with slits, stitching, and peek-a-boo cutouts. These ethically produced—meaning everything is made by workers in countries guided by the principles of fair trade—works of art bring new meaning to reducing your carbon footprint. AG
For more information, see olsenhaus.com.

NYLON

DIARY

Vol. 37

THE MONROE BY NIXON

Nixon knows better than to name just any bag after Marilyn—it has to be a design so iconic that it will, like the screen legend herself, withstand the test of time. And the new Monroe doctor bag does just that. A straw-colored canvas tote with chocolate leather detailing, custom metal rivets and snaps, and plenty of pocket space, the Marilyn is the perfect balance of form and function. In other words, an instant classic. *nixonnow.com.*

GENTLE FAWN

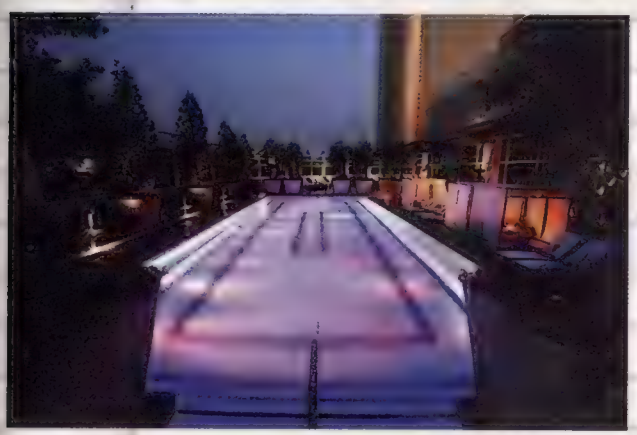
With Fall and Winter right around the corner we can anticipate plenty of delicious sweaters, and Gentle Fawn's Expect sweater is no exception! This allover knit-in patterned sweater features ¾ length raglan batwing sleeves, wide ribbed waistband and sleeve cuffs. *Available in select stores, visit www.gentlefawn.com for a complete listing.*

BREIL MILANO

This sport chronograph is part of the new Swiss made Milano collection. It features an oversized round dial and a complex multilayered case with red detailing. The striped black rubber strap is smoothly connected to the case with stainless steel inserts providing extra resistance. Retail price: $ 1,250. *Available at the Breil Milano store, 148 Spring Street, NYC 10012, 212.925. 1031, www.breilmilano.com.*

MICHAEL STARS

This Fall Michael Stars launches a Cashmere Blend collection, made from cashmere and extra fine wool. Youthful and sophisticated, the collection has something for everyone, including demure jackets, kimono sleeve basics, funky vests, and sweet mini dresses! Speaking to this season's color trends, these designs are offered in fun autumn hues and classic neutrals. *www.michaelstars.com.*

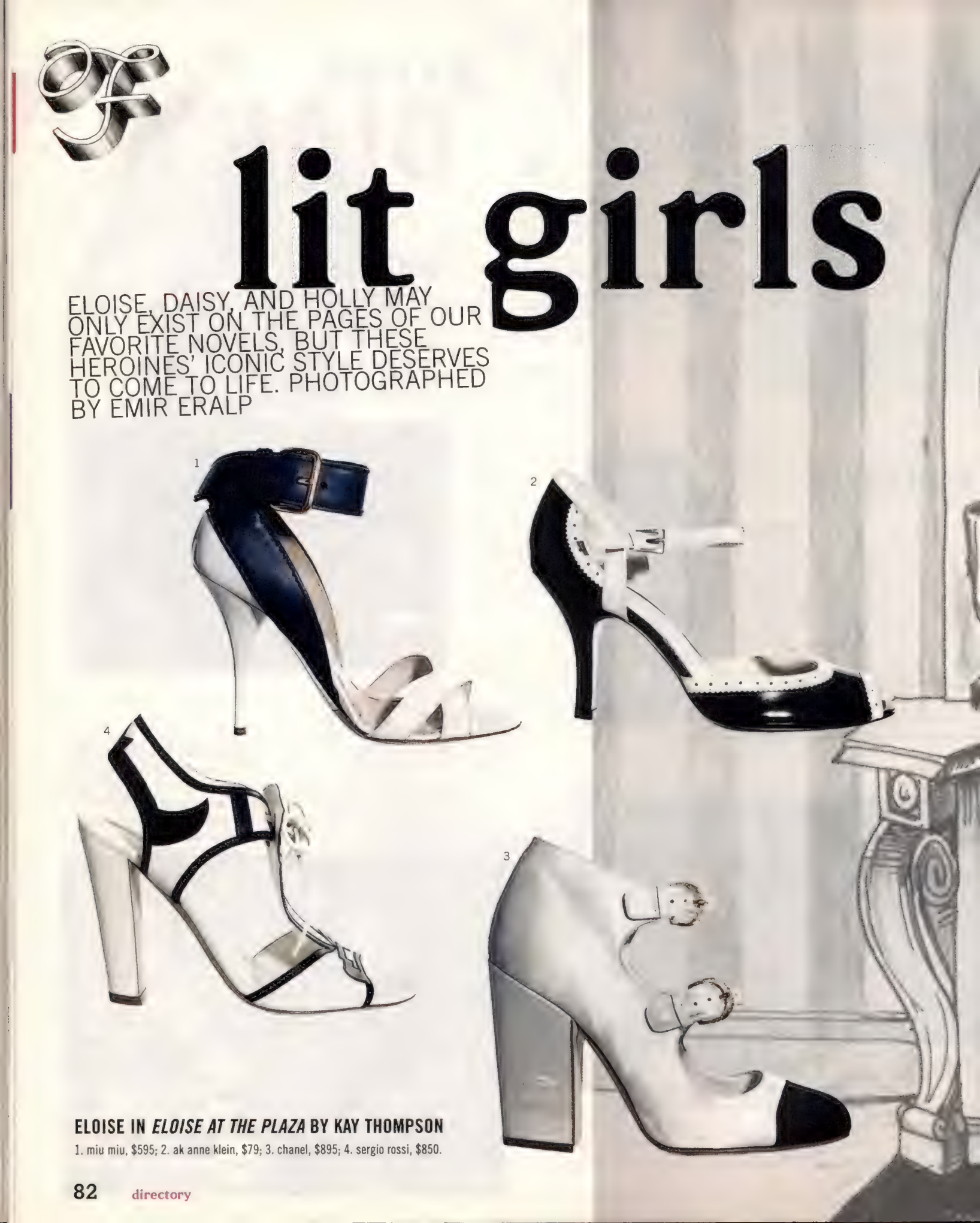


THE WATER CLUB

Rising a majestic 43 stories, The Water Club is mere steps from the action of Borgata Hotel Casino & Spa. It includes 800 finely appointed guest rooms and suites; Immersion, the two-story spa on the 32nd floor; five indoor and outdoor pools; and six boutique shopping experiences. *Visit TheWaterClubHotel.com.*

lit girls

ELOISE, DAISY, AND HOLLY MAY ONLY EXIST ON THE PAGES OF OUR FAVORITE NOVELS, BUT THESE HEROINES' ICONIC STYLE DESERVES TO COME TO LIFE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY EMIR ERALP



ELOISE IN *ELOISE AT THE PLAZA* BY KAY THOMPSON

1. miu miu, $595; 2. ak anne klein, $79; 3. chanel, $895; 4. sergio rossi, $850.

stylist: katharine erwin.
hair: michael johnson for
artistsbytimothypriano.com.
makeup: clare read at the
katy barker agency using
dior beauty. model: melody at
women. dress by moschino.

1

2

3

4

5

DAISY BUCHANAN IN *THE GREAT GATSBY* BY F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

1. ellen christine millinery, $685; 2. coach, $248; 3. patricia underwood, $625; 4. jennifer hoertz, $248; 5. victor osborne, $295.

top and dress by chloè, jacket by sonia rykiel, pants and shoes by louis vuitton, hat by jennifer hoertz.

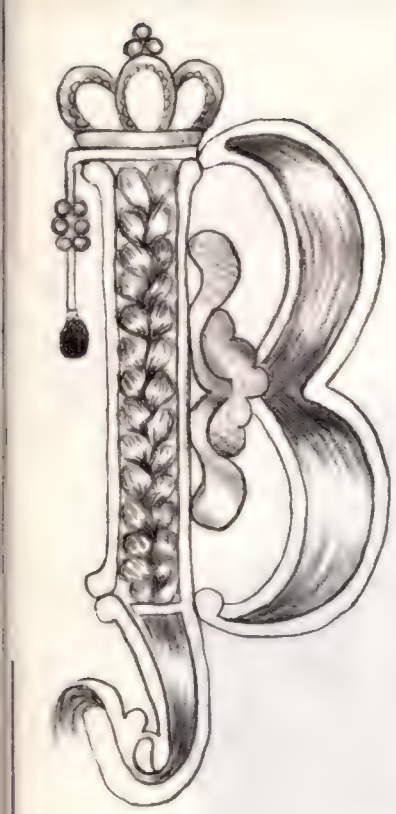
dress by costume national, shoes by chanel, cuff by yves saint laurent. necklace by bliss lau.

HOLLY GOLIGHTLY IN *BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S* BY TRUMAN CAPOTE.

1. hype, $194; 2. mischen, $725; 3. boss black, $550, belt by armani exchange $48; 4. banana republic, $175; 5. bebe, $129.

EXTRA CREDIT

Go to **nylonmag.com** to see even more of literature's finest style icons, complete with outfits killer enough to cause major plot twists.



space cadet

Everyone has their own vision of what the future will look like. Mine is a cross between the *Jetsons* and *Blade Runner*, and involves robotic maids, the ability to fly, and a wardrobe of form-fitting space suits made from high-tech fabrics—by then cotton would obviously be obsolete. But what does the future hold when it comes to beauty? I imagine that our locks will be genetically engineered to be frizz-free, skin will be able to magically thwart the signs of aging, black lipstick will become the new red, and we will all have hair dangling from our ears. No, I don't mean that hair will be sprouting from newly formed follicles on our ear lobes; at least, I hope not. But I do picture the most fashionable futurists complementing their PVC business suits and precisely bobbed or bowl-cut 'dos with earrings made from strands of fluoro-colored hair. Now, about that robotic maid...

photographed by matt sundin

STYLIST: MICHELLE RENEAU. HAIR: RYAN TRYGSTAD AT THE WALL GROUP. MAKEUP: HUNG VANNGO AT THE WALL GROUP. MODEL: LAUREN B AT MUSE. TOP BY LOUIS VUITTON, SUNGLASSES BY YVES SAINT LAURENT, HAIRRING BY BIJULES, HAND-PAINTED BY AURA FRIEDMAN AT BUMBLE AND BUMBLE. FOR MAKEUP TRY: HIGH DEFINITION PRIMER, HIGH DEFINITION INVISIBLE COVER FOUNDATION IN IVORY, AND LACQUERED LIP COLOR IN #223. ALL, MAKE UP FOR EVER.

gossip girls

THIS SEASON, FOUR NEW STARS ARE BORN. BY FIORELLA VALDESOLO. ILLUSTRATION BY MIIKA SAKSI

back to black

In fashion, black is something that will simply never go out of style. It was Chanel who first introduced the public to the now ubiquitous LBD in 1926—before then black had been reserved for mourning wear. A number of designers would follow in Chanel's pioneering footsteps, most notably Christian Dior, with his '50s-era New Look black day dresses, and Yves Saint Laurent. Laurent once said: "Black is my refuge. It is a line on a blank sheet of paper." And although he was a designer known for his daring color combinations, Laurent's black creations—the trim tuxedo-style le smoking suit; the completely sheer, marabou feather-skirted evening gown—are also the stuff of legend. The fashion house's current head designer, Stefano Pilati, is carrying on Laurent's dark legacy—the fall collection featured sharply tailored menswear-style suits and sheer, Peter Pan-collared shirts. But it was the model's hair and makeup that Laurent himself would likely have found most inspired—identical, vision-obscuring bowl-cuts and thick, jet-black lipstick. And while those slouchy high-waisted trousers remain hopelessly out of reach, YSL has been kind enough to produce a limited edition inky-hued lip gloss, which proves that black can indeed be worn head to toe.
YSL GLOSS PUR BLACK, $28, AT DEPARTMENT STORES.

real genius

There is Akrit Jaswal, India's youngest pre-med student who, at the age of seven, performed an operation on a neighborhood girl (at the request of her parents). There has already been a documentary about Marla Olmstead (*My Kid Could Paint That*), the pint-sized artist whose abstract creations have been compared to those of Jackson Pollock. They are child prodigies, and for those of us who spent our early years eating dirt and doing inappropriate things with our Barbies, they are pretty awe-inspiring. Now, add fashion designer Esteban Cortazar to that elite list. The baby-faced Cortazar, who has, since last year, been the head designer at Emanuel Ungaro, was 13 when he began his career—he remains the youngest designer to ever show at Miami Fashion Week. Since Cortazar obviously possesses more motivation than the average human, he is already branching out into the beauty world. With the help of M.A.C's Sharon Dowsett, he has conjured a resoundingly feminine collection of makeup inspired in part by Monet's water lilies. That lush floral theme is apparent in the petal pink Pure Rose Lipstick, the rich berry-hued Crushed Bougainvillea Cream Colour Base, and the cotton candy-colored Flower Mist Dew Beauty Powder. Application should come easy, even to us dirt-eaters.
M.A.C. EMANUEL UNGARO LIPSTICK IN PURE ROSE, $14, AND CREAM COLOUR BASE IN CRUSHED BOUGAINVILLEA, $16.50, MACCOSMETICS.COM.

fresh prints

Fashion history has provided us with a number of iconic patterns: Pucci's psychedelic swirls, Louis Vuitton's signature grid of symbols, quatrefoils, and flowers, and Hermès's ornate, exotic pictorials, and, of course, Marimekko. Since its inception, the Finnish brand founded by Armi and Vilgo Ratia in 1951, has sought to combine the worlds of graphic design and textiles. The resulting vibrantly playful patterns have caught the eye of everyone from Jacqueline Kennedy—she sported a handful of their colorful printed frocks during the 1960 presidential campaign—to the designers at H&M, who recently collaborated with Marimekko on a special collection. Now beauty giant Avon follows suit with a limited-edition line of makeup adorned with Marimekko's trademark Unikko flowers. The all-over face palette can, as the name implies, be swirled together and brushed across the entire face, while the eyeshadow palette is separated into shades that contour, highlight, and accent. They are both patterns we are happy to keep on repeating... MARIMEKKO FOR AVON EYESHADOW PALETTE, $8, AVON.COM.

material instincts

Musicians are actors, models are talk show hosts, and housewives are celebrities. So is it surprising that the designers behind a hugely successful premium denim line are now making makeup? No, but the real shocker is that the products are actually good. Since 2002, Rock & Republic has been busy establishing a name for themselves in the over-saturated fancy denim market. And they have succeeded—their signature swish on the back pocket has become as recognizable to those willing to shell out multiple Benjamins for their denim as Guess's famous triangle-enclosed question mark logo. Now, R&R's sleek silver and patent-leather packaged beauty line—the star products include Imitate, a sheer mousse blush with a fluffy consistency; Saturate, heavily pigmented eyeshadows; and Extremist mascara, which they refer to as a push-up bra for lashes—is poised for similar success. We're hoping that hair products are next on their agenda. ROCK & REPUBLIC IMITATE BLUSH IN SPANK, $28, AT NORDSTROM.

dedicated followers of fashion

IN THE PRE-KATE MOSS DAYS, THESE MODELS, WITH THEIR OUTRAGEOUS EXPLOITS AND ECLECTIC PERSONAL STYLE, MANAGED TO CAPTIVATE WAY BEYOND THE RUNWAY.

DONYALE LUNA

In the annals of fashion history, Donyale Luna is considered the first African-American supermodel, though she would likely bristle at that title, because over the course of her brief career she was never comfortable with identifying herself as black. Even though birth records prove her race—Luna, nee Peggy Anne Freeman, was born in Detroit in 1945; her abusive father would be murdered when she was a teenager—in interviews she would always concoct stories about her multi-ethnic heritage: In 1968 she told a *New York Times* reporter that she was Mexican, American Indian, Chinese, and Irish. But all of the mystery shrouding Luna just added to her appeal. At 6'2", with strikingly sharp features, a penchant for aquamarine contact lenses, and outrageous clothes and makeup (think oversized monkey fur jackets and Winehouse-weight eye liner), the lithesome Luna cut quite the dramatic figure. After gracing the pages of countless fashion magazines and the cover of British *Vogue*—the first black model to do so—*Time* magazine dubbed 1966 "The Luna Year," describing her as a "new heavenly body." Warhol agreed, and cast the Factory regular in a number of his films, including one mini-feature in which she plays Snow White. Luna also appeared in Fellini's *Satyricon* as the lustful witch Oenothea, and, not surprisingly since she did dally with Brian Jones [pictured above], in *The Rolling Stones: Rock and Roll Circus*. A self-professed LSD-devotee, it was Luna's hard-partying ways that would prove fatal: She died of a drug overdose in 1979.

ACUVUE 2 COLOURS CONTACT LENSES IN AQUAMARINE
Because so few of us are blessed with naturally turquoise eyes.
$35 FOR A BOX OF SIX, ACUVUE.COM.

CAROL'S DAUGHTER SWEETHONEYDIP CHOCOLATEBROWNSUGAH SCRUB
For those like Luna who are not shy about showing some skin, this sugar-based scrub will keep it looking smooth.
$34, CAROLSDAUGHTER.COM.

RIMMEL PROFESSIONAL LIQUID EYELINER IN EBONY BLACK
No '60s makeup look would be complete without some thick, jet-black liquid liner.
$6, RIMMELLONDON.COM.

SUNSILK DARING VOLUME SPRAY-ON MOUSSE
Luna was daring when it came to both her hair and her lifestyle.
$4, AT DRUGSTORES.

BENEFIT MOON BEAM
A little bit of moonlight sheen accentuates cheekbones.
$24, BENEFITCOSMETICS.COM.

BOND NO. 9 ANDY WARHOL LEXINGTON AVENUE
Luna was one of only two black Factory girls.
$195 FOR 100 ML, BONDNO9.COM.

PENELOPE TREE

The faces that defined '60s-era London were as singular as their nicknames: the "Shrimp" (doe-eyed Jean Shrimpton), the "Twig" (original waif Twiggy), and the "Tree." Penelope Tree was first photographed at 13 by Diane Arbus, herself a lover of the strangest sorts of beauty. But, after meeting Diana Vreeland at Truman Capote's Black & White Ball when she was 17, she was whisked off to be shot by Richard Avedon. In his eyes, the sinewy model with the miniature mouth, weirdly wide-set eyes, soft-focus alien-like features and often shaved-off eyebrows was "perfect." Photographer David Bailey agreed—from the first time he worked with Tree, who he described as an "Egyptian Jimminy Cricket," he was smitten. Supposedly Catherine Deneuve, Bailey's then-wife, took one look at the images from the shoot and was certain that her husband would fall for Tree. She was right. The pair moved in together and their London flat, which reportedly had a UFO detector, became a hangout for local hippies. The couple didn't last, though, and Tree, who was battling anorexia at the time, had her career cut short by a bizarre skin ailment. But she will always be considered a pioneer for unusual beauty. As Bailey said: "Penelope Tree is the most original model there's ever been."

SHU UEMURA LUXE BLACK LASHES
One set for the top, and another one for the bottom.
$20, SHUUEMURA-USA.COM.

MAYBELLINE NEW YORK TWIN BROW AND EYE PENCILS IN VELVET BLACK
When she didn't feel like affixing another set of lashes to her bottom fringe, Tree simply penciled them in.
$3, AT DRUGSTORES.

PAUL & JOE LIPSTICK IN MOTIF
The preferred lipstick hue of the '60s was pure flesh-tone.
$20, AT BERGDORF GOODMAN.

JUARA TAMARIND TEA HYDRATING TONER
Tree would have thought this tea-soaked toner was groovy.
$27, JUARASKINCARE.COM.

DIPTYQUE TAM DAO
An exotic scent for an exotic beauty.
$88 FOR 50 ML, BEAUTYHABIT.COM.

J.F. LAZARTIGUE ANTI-FRIZZ STRAIGHTENING GEL
For pin-straight locks, this gentle smoothing gel is magic.
$33, JFLAZARTIGUE.COM.

MARISA BERENSON

Marisa Berenson may still be a fixture on the society pages of certain well-heeled fashion magazines, but it was in the '70s that she was known as "the queen of the scene." Born to shipping magnate Robert Berenson and Countess Maria Luisa Yvonne Radha de Wendt de Kerlor (a.k.a., Gogo), and granddaughter of French couturier Elsa Schiaparelli, Berenson had a rather privileged upbringing. But despite a fancy boarding school education, it was her delicate, patrician beauty that earned her a living when she moved to New York in the mid-'60s. She started her career as a model (she landed a total of five *Vogue* covers), but quickly turned her attention to acting, earning acclaim for her roles in *Cabaret*, *Barry Lyndon*, and *Death in Venice*. But what really made Berenson famous was neither modeling nor acting—she was, to put it simply, the life of the party. Crowned everything from "the world's best-dressed woman" (by a committee of fashion designers) to "the girl of the '70s" (by Yves Saint Laurent), Berenson was a main attraction on the international social circuit. She rubbed elbows with Warhol, was a fixture in New York's nighclubs, had her vacations in Capri and St. Tropez documented by Slim Aarons, and meditated with Beatles-favorite Maharishi Yogi. As *Harper's Bazaar* said about Berenson in 1972: "She's a seismograph, registering the latest tremors in the current of the moment—the newest trends, places to go, ways to look."

GIVENCHY ABSOLUTELY IRRESISTIBLE EAU DE PARFUM
The press certainly found Berenson irresistible.
$80 FOR 2.5 OZ, AT DEPARTMENT STORES.

MAKE UP FOR EVER SMOKY LASH EXTRA BLACK MASCARA
For lengthy, ink-dipped lashes, this formula does the trick.
$22, SEPHORA.COM.

L'ORÉAL VIVE PRO HYDRATING GLOSS MOISTURIZING SHAMPOO
A model's hair can take a beating, and super-moisturizing shampoo provides much-needed TLC.
$4.99, LOREALPARIS.COM.

SALLY HERSHBERGER SUPREME HEAD WAVY FINISHING CREAM
To keep Berenson's naturally curly coif silky.
$12.50, AT WALGREENS.

DIANE BRILL ICE PACK DE-PUFFER EYE STICK
If there is someone who knows how to de-puff over-partied eyes it's Diane Brill, who was quite the scenester herself back in the heyday of Studio 54.
$46, DIANEBRILL.COM.

YSL ROUGE VOLUPTE IN ROSE CULTE
Her grandmother would have approved of this shade of shocking pink.
$34, YSLBEAUTYUS.COM.

dangerous liaisons

IF THERE EVER WAS A LIPSTICK ACADEMIC, LIPSTICK QUEEN FOUNDER POPPY KING IS IT. THIS FALL, SHE'S LAUNCHING MEDIEVAL, A SHEER, WORKS-FOR-EVERYONE SHADE THAT HAS QUITE A STORY BEHIND IT.

***NYLON*: Why is this product called Medieval?**
Poppy King: In the Medieval era, women would squeeze lemon on their lips to get them to look red without looking like they were wearing lipstick. It would sting and bring the blood to the surface. This makes your lips look like that, but without any sting.

***NYLON*: Why didn't women want to look like they were wearing lipstick?**
PK: The Medieval era was such a strange era because it was really puritanical, yet so debauched. Their sensibility was all about purity, and wearing red lipstick was considered a sin. Up until Elizabeth I came along, makeup was considered something that was just for prostitutes and fallen women, and wearing it wasn't something that anyone with any kind of breeding should do.

***NYLON*: So how did you develop this shade?**
PK: I sat with my chemist in Toronto, and I squeezed lemon on my lips all day—I must say, those Medieval women must have had some dry lips—and then I got her to recreate the color. So this gives you that look, a sheer color and a little bit wet, but you just look like your lips are puckered.

***NYLON*: The packaging is amazing. Who did the artwork?**
PK: It's all original art by an illustrator named James Bernard. He did this from scratch, and everything has a meaning. Like the rabbit is a symbol of lust, and the river is baptismal water, which symbolizes the washing away of sin, because, you know, I love saints and sinners. On the website, you will be able to roll over the picture and read about everything.

***NYLON*: Why is it upside down?**
PK: It dropped on the floor once, and I picked it up upside down and was like, "Yeah! I really like it upside down." It makes it like a Tarot card, and it's also like, the world is so topsy-turvy, and the symbolism of the world is so all over the place. It's a very layered little product, this one. KATE WILLIAMS
$20, lipstickqueen.com.

OLD SCHOOL

LEMONY LIPS WEREN'T THE ONLY COSMETIC HORRORS THAT WOMEN IN MEDIEVAL TIMES HAD TO ENDURE. CHECK OUT THESE OTHER DOOZIES, AND YOU'LL NEVER COMPLAIN ABOUT CURLING YOUR LASHES AGAIN.

- Men and women would paint their faces, necks and hands with white makeup, which was often lead-based. This resulted in numerous physical ailments including, oh, death.
- Women wore egg whites on their face because they liked the sheen.
- In Italy, a woman named Signora Toffana was executed after creating an arsenic-based face paint that helped some 600 women murder their unsuspecting husbands.
- Black silk patches were pasted on skin to hide warts and pimples.
- Women often plucked their foreheads, to give the illusion of a higher hairline.
- Lye was a popular hair dye, even though it caused the hair to fall out, and so elaborate wigs were introduced. They were often greased with lard to hold them in place, which meant they could become filled with lice and even mice.

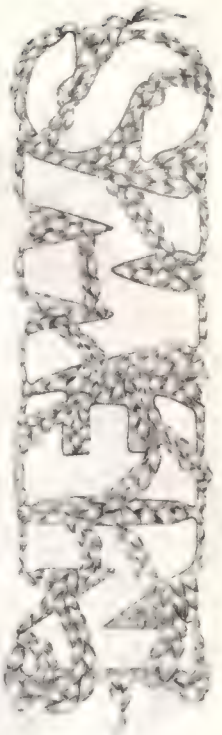
get this:

FRESH BLACK TEA INSTANT PERFECTING MASK

Instant perfection is a tall order for any beauty product to live up to. But, since Fresh does happen to be one of the few brands I have utter faith in, I didn't scoff at the name's rather lofty promises when I was presented with their latest skincare offering, the Black Tea Instant Perfecting Mask. Instead, I simply slathered it on with all the unbridled zeal of a fat kid in a candy store. A whipped velvety-smooth confection, the lightweight mask is a powerful mix of black tea ferment, lychee seed extract, sake and jicama root juice, and smells as good as it feels—expect an immediate and refreshingly cooling effect. And though the mask didn't, as promised, make my skin perfect—OK, I admit zapping that zit on my nose was basically a hopeless task—it did impart an instant dewy glow and baby softness to my dull complexion, which was good enough for me. FIORELLA VALDESOLO
$85, fresh.com.

notre dame

He sculpted Madonna's infamous Blond Ambition cone bra, shepherded camouflage and denim from the city streets to the couture runways, and thinks every sharply dressed man should have a skirt in his wardrobe. Marilyn Manson relies on him for onstage ensembles and the most avant-garde directors like Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Luc Besson turn to him for unorthodox wardrobes for their films. Jean Paul Gaultier, a true fashion *enfant terrible*, has always adopted a radical approach to his craft. In 1993, that craft expanded to include fragrance—or as Gaultier likes to call it, "the first garment we wear"—with the creation of his flagship perfume, Classique. Whether or not you are familiar with Classique's enormously sensual Bulgarian-rose-based scent, you would likely recognize the bottle—in lieu of traditional perfume flacons, Gaultier has repeatedly opted instead for Barbie-like glass molds of the male and female forms. Like his clothing, his fragrances have always bucked convention, and the latest entrée, Ma Dame, is no exception. Designed, according to Gaultier, not for the classic lady, but for a contemporary woman who is both unique and independent, the perfume—an orange, rose and grenadine sparkler—is as bold as its fluorescent pink bottle (which features the familiar female torso). And when it came to finding a model who embodied the utterly modern, free-spirited ideals with which the fragrance was concocted, Gaultier looked no further than it-girl-du-jour Agyness Deyn. As the eye-catching ad campaign pictures (shot by Jean-Baptiste Mondino) prove, Gaultier chose the right muse. FV
$87 for 3.3 oz, at Macy's.



DIFFERENT STROKES

A daunting task is before me: convincing you to take an undulating object to your eyeball. Single girl knowledge dictates that if it moves, makes a buzzing noise, and is heading towards your face, well then, lady, you're likely drunk and upside down. However, that Lancôme is behind such a scepter should be reason enough to give their new vibrating mascara a whirl. Created by Jean-Louis Guéret—who designed the world's best-selling mascara, Lancôme Définicils, and 400 others—Ôscillation is the answer to the blasé back and forth of mascara application witnessed by Guéret at photo shoots. "There is no better brush," he says of his invention, "it provides 7,000 vibrations per minute so you can spread the product over 360 degrees of your lashes." Unlike its vibratory beauty product counterparts like toothbrushes and razors, Ôscillation's patented technology moves from side to side, so one fell swoop from root to tip does the trick, "otherwise you need many strokes to get the same shape," he adds. The formula itself deserves to be highlighted—a fluid, clump-free coating that, Guéret puts it best, "glides and surfs on your lashes." And unlike your other favorite battery-operated devices, this one promises to keep going and going. "If you have to think about changing the battery, then you don't control the product," explains Guéret. "We want you to be in control." Thus, the battery is engineered to last three times as long as the product, and the result to be three times as dramatic. Guéret promises, your reaction will go something like this: "Yes, yes, yes!" SAMANTHA GILEWICZ
$34, at lancome-usa.com.

legends of the fall

WITH A NEW SEASON UPON US, THERE IS NO BETTER TIME TO RETIRE YOUR SIGNATURE SCENT, FOR A FEW MONTHS AT LEAST, AND TRY SOMETHING DIFFERENT. FV

CHANEL LES EXCLUSIFS BEIGE
It may be the most boring hue in the color spectrum, but Chanel (and specifically Jacques Polges) breathes new life into beige with this delicate floral.
$190 FOR 200 ML, AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, CALL 800.363.7538.

TOM FORD WHITE PATCHOULI
The traditional hippie juice gets a sophisticated makeover with the addition of lush peony, rose and jasmine. The fact that Erykah Badu is the face of the campaign makes it all the more appealing.
$92 FOR 50 ML, AT NEIMAN MARCUS.

SHISEIDO ZEN
As enticing as the original (and now discontinued) Zen, the new fragrance is based around the rare, citrusy-smelling Japanese Blue Rose.
$68 FOR 50 ML, AT FINE DEPARTMENT STORES.

JO MALONE SWEET LIME & CEDAR
Derived in part from traditional ingredients in Thai cuisine, this at once tangy and warm perfume smells delicious on the skin.
$95 FOR 100 ML, AT BERGDORF GOODMAN.

BVLGARI JASMIN NOIR
Intense jasmine lies at the heart of this sensuous scent, which is rounded off by feminine gardenia, warm tonka bean, and woodsy notes.
$95 FOR 1.7 OZ, AT NORDSTROM.

CALVIN KLEIN SECRET OBSESSION
The rich blend of plum, tuberose, burnt amber and sandalwood is almost as sexy as the ads, which feature a nearly naked Eva Mendes.
$55 FOR 50 ML, AT FINE DEPARTMENT STORES.

RALPH LAUREN NOTORIOUS
The elegant deco-style bottle that would not have looked out of place on Garbo's dressing table is the perfect presentation for this floral gourmand that hints at old world glamour.
$65 FOR 1.7 OZ, AT DEPARTMENT STORES.

CHRISTINA AGUILERA INSPIRE
Of the innumerable celebrity fragrances still being unleashed onto the market, this lighthearted fruity floral, courtesy of the once dirrty pop star, stands out.
$49 FOR 1.7 OZ, AT DEPARTMENT STORES.

TOCCA BRIGITTE
Smoldering beauty Brigitte Bardot plays the muse for Tocca's latest fragrance, an alluring blend of ginger, rhubarb, Moroccan rose and sandalwood.
$68 FOR 50 ML, AT SEPHORA.

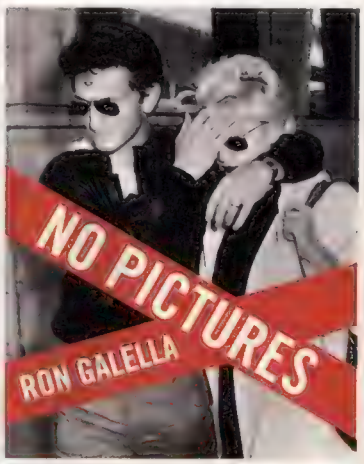
VAN CLEEF & ARPELS FEERIE
The precious fairy-topped bright blue bottle contains an equally precious medley of violet and rose notes laid against a woodsy base.
$110 FOR 50 ML, AT NEIMAN MARCUS.

STRANGE INVISIBLE PERFUMES MUSC BOTANIQUE
A botanist's dream, this heady plant-laced musk is composed using only organic, wild-crafted, and biodynamic essences.
$135 FOR 1.7 OZ, BEAUTYHABIT.COM.

LANCÔME MAGNIFIQUE
The faceted jewel-like scarlet-colored bottle hints at the sexy fragrance—a marriage of spices like saffron, florals, and woods notes—that lies within.
$85 FOR 2.5 OZ, LANCOME-USA.COM.

bookmark: *NO PICTURES*

The paparazzi could be considered stardom's double-edged sword—constantly being stalked and photographed may be a nuisance, but not having anyone interested in taking your picture can be just as troublesome. Nowadays all you need is a telephoto lens and a little know-how to have your amateur snapshots of stars grocery shopping or engaging in a little PDA bid on by the gossip rags. But once upon a time paparazzi were few and far between and, get this, actual photographers. It was in those days that Ron Galella was king. The premiere paparazzo of the '60s and '70s, Galella was known for his sneaky, aggressive shooting style, a technique that almost always managed to catch his subjects off guard, and got him in hot water countless times—Jackie O., who was frequently on the other side of Galella's lens, won a lawsuit against him in 1972. *No Pictures* (Powerhouse) collects some of his most famous celebrity confrontations: Woody Allen shielding then-girlfriend Mia Farrow from his prying lens; Marlon Brando extending matching middle fingers; Suzanne Sommers sticking her tongue out; Ryan O'Neal, his Hawaiian shirt unbuttoned to reveal copious amounts of curly chest hair, pointing threateningly at the camera; and, my personal favorite, Sean Penn captured just as he is about to hock a loogie at Galella. Many of Galella's images are actually quite good—he has a background in photojournalism—but that's not why we pore over them. We look because the lives of the rich and famous are interesting, since they are often so different from our own—stars, they are *not* just like us. FV



envision quest

Kimberly Snyder, founder of Envision Beauty, isn't your typical beauty entrepreneur—the model and natural health advocate spent years traveling the world to learn about traditional beauty practices, from the goji berry paste used by rural Chinese women to indigenous collagen-boosters from an Australian botanist. Following a stint at a major cosmetics company that left her disaffected with bottom-line beauty, she set out to develop a skincare potion of her own, one that combined her research with cutting edge science. The result is The Solution, an all-in-one formula that just might render your own skincare arsenal obsolete. MEGAN O'GRADY

There's a huge natural movement afoot in beauty; is it a good thing?
I like that there are more natural products, but I think that a lot of companies are taking advantage. Some of the "natural" lines are, in fact, loaded with fillers and synthetics—even brands which pioneered the concept have products that contain parabens and ethyl alcohols. And many of the new organic products just don't do anything. It's great to say you're using a mushroom serum, but if we're serious about having better skin, we need to combine natural ingredients with proven technology. There are great botanicals in Ayurvedic and traditional Asian medicine, but there are also scientifically proven compounds which produce dramatic results, so why not use them as well?

What else are you doing differently?
Big skincare companies care only about one thing—selling more skincare. So you have a shelf full of bottles, each touting a new breakthrough ingredient. My goal was to create the ideal formulation of botanicals and scientifically-proven compounds in a single product.

Why is it much lighter in texture than most high-end creams?
A big misconception is that the heavier the cream, the more moisturizing. Heavy creams will temporarily fill in lines and mask problems, but they usually sit on the surface of your skin and can keep it from breathing. Even worse, the oils often oxidize with air and form free radicals, a major cause of skin aging. The Solution avoids mineral oils, fillers, harsh synthetics, or chemical preservatives, and that makes it light.

What should we be watching out for on beauty product labels?
Look out for any processed oils and additives such as mineral oil, sulfates, urea, glycol, ethyl-alcohols, and parabens. They're cheap moisturizers, fillers, and preservatives that save the big skincare companies money but do nothing good for your skin.

For more information, see envision-beauty.com.

NEWS

CAMP COUNSELOR

Menswear-inspired fashion is all over this season's runways, but what about male makeup? That's happening too, thanks to Michael Perich. The Chicago-based cosmetics guru has created Camp Cosmetics, the first makeup line ever to be made soley with drag queens in mind. But even if you're not starring in *To Wong Foo*, you can still play with Perich's stuff. The Lip Lavas are tubes of gloss with a surprisingly sheer finish, eyeshadow palettes are soft and matte on the skin, and most of the compacts (like a violet combo called Pretty in Punk) offer a range of colors from subdued to extreme. Meanwhile, Camp Cosmetics is also making waves with its first spokesperson—the famed showgirl (and proud transsexual) Amanda Lepore. A reality show with Perich and his campy crew may also be in the works, giving Tyra's drag queen impressions some major competition. And there's an added bonus to wearing some Camp: You can share it with your gay best friend before going out dancing. FARAN KRENTCIL
Available at campcosmetics.com.

ACTION FIGURES

Ah, the Bond Girl. They are geologists, astrophysicists, nuclear chemists and members of the Secret Service. They can shoot a .45 with ease, pilot a plane, jump from a moving vehicle, and unleash some serious kung fu moves. They have some of the funniest names in cinematic history (hello, Holly Goodhead). And they are also all total foxes. And no one knows that better than Mr. James Bond himself, who is always falling under their spells. The relationships may be short-lived—after all, Bond is a man on the move so he has no time for commitment—but that doesn't mean the women are forgettable. On the contrary, over the years the Bond Girl has become an icon herself. Avon understands this allure and decided to dedicate their latest fragrance, Bond Girl 007, to them. Avon even appointed Gemma Arterton, the latest object of Bond's affection in the forthcoming *Quantum of Solace*, the face of the new scent. Let's just hope that she doesn't meet an untimely end—remember, one of her predecessors was fed to piranhas. FV
$30, avon.com.

i'll fly away

BY ERIKA YORIO. ILLUSTRATION BY MEL KADEL

I like to think of myself as the adventurous sort. I am not, however, the coordinated sort. I demonstrated no athletic prowess in my formative years, and have spent my twenties trying to make amends. But I'm convinced that given an exhaustive investigation, it's only a matter of time before I find my physical calling.

With this in mind, I turn to Elizabeth Streb, a Brooklyn-based choreographer once dubbed "the Evil Knievel of dance." Responsible for the creation of an athletics-acrobatics-circus arts-dance hybrid called "Popaction," she established the STREB Lab for Action Mechanics (SLAM) in a Williamsburg warehouse in 2003. It's the perfect space for her company's rigorously kinetic, rough-and-tumble performances, and the classes on offer to the public: Flying Trapeze, Popaction Flip Tuck, and Popaction Technique.

I register for the full course load, beginning with trapeze. My instructor, Megan, equips me with the building blocks on an introductory trap, dangling comfortably low to the ground. After mastering the basic knee-hang, I am, apparently, ready for the big leagues. Note: I'm afraid of heights. More accurately, I'm counter-aeroacrophobic, meaning I have a tendency to seek out the very circumstances that trigger my fight or flight response. Under the auspice of "conquering my fear," I have engaged in cliff-diving, rock-climbing, and my hometown's unofficial high-school-ritual-for-the-very-stupid of jumping from an overpass above a reservoir. All of which does nothing to alleviate the heart-pounding vertigo accompanying the slow climb to a platform 20 feet above the ground.

I arrive at my jumping-off point and, drunk on adrenaline, willingly place myself in Megan's hands. She grabs hold of my harness, and explains that, "flying" will be akin to a game of Simon Says. I'm to follow the commands of Dino, a second trainer on the ground, who will direct me. I grab hold of the bar when it comes my way and jump. I like to think of what follows as nothing short of soaring through the air with ease. I nail the knee hang, and, on the next go-round, a backflip dismount. Adrenaline stupor or no, I'm hardly impervious to Megan's flattering assessment of my abilities. It seems I'm a quick study. I leave with two deep purple contusions, and a hankering to run away with the circus.

By the time I arrive for Flip Tuck a week later, the anecdotal retelling of my moderate success on the trapeze has expanded to include the word "phenom." It would be short-sighted to blame hubris for my subsequent downfall, but I think it played a part. After Fabio, a former Brazilian acrobat, leads the class in a brief warm-up, we move onto headstands. I learned how to implement a pretty sturdy headstand when I was eight and, like riding a bicycle, it's stuck with me. Several ragtag cartwheels later, however, and I realize I could use some corporeal training wheels. My classmates spend the next hour honing a series of elaborate floor exercises, while I carve out a space on the mat to accomplish my one goal: a hands-off round-off. Appendages be damned, I repeat the steps—leg up, hands down, legs over, hands off, feet wheel-barreled to the floor in unison—falling at first on shoulders and elbows and hips. Until finally, I'm airborne! In my moment of triumph, I emphatically (and embarrassingly) shout, "I did it!" prompting Fabio and the rest of the Olympic hopefuls to request a repeat performance. No such luck. Even without witnesses, I deem this a mission accomplished.

Injuries sustained: One hip hematoma, an unnerving neck spasm, and enough muscle soreness that I suspect only a week in the tub could set things right. A week I don't have, because tomorrow is Popaction Technique, the fundamentals of the company's impact-based choreography. Doubtful that my body can withstand another Streb-ification, I transport my embattled limbs back to Williamsburg and explain my circumstances. It's decided that I should warm up and then observe, jumping in if the mood strikes. As I watch the class diving and somersaulting, like human popcorn, I feel compelled to try my hand. I'm provided with a remedial mat (significantly plusher) until I progress from whiplash-inducing collisions, to an evenly distributed impact that makes the dynamic Streb performances seem almost possible.

When all is said and done, my body bounces back quickly, and tank top weather arrives just in time for me to show off my nascent "guns." Though I can't reasonably claim to have unearthed my métier, I feel emboldened by the recent effort. The world is my Big Top, Coney Island sword-swallowing tutorial here I come.

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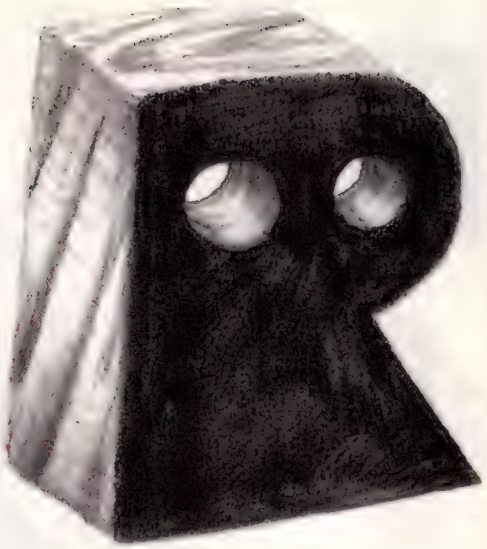

NICK AND NORAH'S INFINITE PLAYLIST HAS ALL THE INGREDIENTS OF A NEW TEEN-MOVIE FAVORITE: GREAT MUSIC, HEARTBREAK, AND MICHAEL CERA. BY AMANDA FORTINI

For 20-plus years now, the films in the John Hughes canon—*Sixteen Candles*, *The Breakfast Club*, *Pretty in Pink*, *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, *Weird Science*, and *Some Kind of Wonderful*, to name the highlights—have remained the apotheosis of the teen-drama genre. These tales, about the tensions and traumatic happenings in that claustrophobic ecosystem known as high school, featured teenaged protagonists who were sensitive, self-reflective, and articulate. Even when the characters were archetypes (jock, burnout, freak, princess, geek), they were rendered with specificity and depth. They felt relatable, authentic, like someone you knew, or were yourself. The dialogue was clever enough to appeal to adults, and the struggles universal enough that the films have endured.

Two decades and multiple *American Pie* sequels later, a smart new teen film joins the pantheon. *Nick and Norah's Infinite Playlist*, starring Michael Cera (of *Superbad* and *Juno* fame) and Kat Dennings (*40 Year Old Virgin*) as the titular characters, tells the story of a group of New Jersey high-school kids who spend a long night traipsing around Manhattan in search of a cult punk band called Where's Fluffy. Nick, the bassist in the Jerk Offs, a queercore band, begins the evening in a downcast mood because his girlfriend, Tris, recently dumped him. (Bemoaning his fate to his gay bandmates, Nick tells them: "You don't know what it's like to be straight. It's awful.") Early evening, Nick serendipitously meets up with Norah, who, as a classmate and frenemy of the superficial Tris, has been listening to the

photographed by emily shur

grooming: lauren kaye cohen for la mer at traceymattingly.com.

numerous heartache-inspired mix CDs that Nick has made. The collective search for Where's Fluffy soon becomes a frenzied hunt for Norah's lost—and epically drunk—friend, Caroline. Adventures and misadventures ensue, with sparks, both the romantic and angry sort, flying between Nick and Norah. You don't have to be a teenager to enjoy their sharp, often hilarious exchanges.

"This dialogue is not written down or trying to sound younger," Michael Cera says over breakfast at Fred 62, a Los Angeles diner. Cera, who is dressed in a blue-and-white Ben Sherman polo, belted brown pants, and a pair of blue leather sneakers, nibbles, bird-like, at a bowl of glossy, brightly colored fruit as he talks. ("That's beautiful," he says, when it arrives, "I don't really want to disrupt this collection of fruit.") "I don't know if even dumb teens would want to relate to dumb teens on the screen," Cera continues, in that bone-dry, deadpan way that has become familiar to viewers of his films. Later that day, in a coffee shop in the Valley, Kat Dennings echoes his sentiment: "I think teenagers are sick of being fluffified by these dumb movies that are inaccurate and complete fantasies."

Most articles written about Cera tend to conflate the actor with the soft-spoken, sweet-natured, slightly awkward types he plays. Although he might be said to possess all of those qualities, it is clear, upon meeting him in person, that he is not portraying himself onscreen. He grows fidgety and visibly uncomfortable when asked to discuss craft ("I don't think I watched things when I was young, looking at performances or anything"), but he is not at all shy or stilted when talking about books and music, or engaging in character analysis. "He didn't really want to go out; he's just been broken up with; he's kind of going through the motions, and then he is slowly pulled out of that mood," he says of Nick, who is neither shell-shocked like *Juno*'s Paulie Bleeker, nor inexperienced and timid like *Superbad*'s Evan. Nick is, however, similar to those other characters in that all of them have a penchant for understatement, and are masters of the awkward pause. Like, say, Bill Murray, whom Cera cites as a comedic influence, Cera seems to be playing different incarnations of a single—and idiosyncratic—comic persona. "It usually lands on me the wrong way when people say this, but Mike may be a certifiable genius," notes Peter Sollett, the film's director. "I found it difficult to predict what he was going to do, how it would be funny. Any yet it was funny every time...He can comment on anything, verbally, in a very unique way."

Cera was not alone in delivering a nuanced performance. Denning's portrayal of Norah, a straight-edged, self-assured smarty-pants on her way to Brown in the fall, is natural and unselfconscious. Alexis Dziena's Tris, the popular girl who coasts along on her button-cute looks, could have been a one-note villain or a dim bulb, but Dziena renders her multi-dimensional (and sympathetic) by allowing the audience to glimpse the insecurity roiling beneath her confident and cunning exterior. Still, it's Ari Graynor as the blitzed Caroline who arguably steals the film with her hysterical, physical acting. "She did the most authentic drunk I've ever seen," Cera says admiringly of Graynor, who prepared for the role by downing a bottle of vodka and having her boyfriend film the result so she could study herself later. "I did a very method actor-y thing," Graynor laughs, "Caroline is drunk the entire movie and there is nothing worse than watching somebody do a bad drunk....But I learned that, 'Wow, drunk people really are ridiculous,' so it's OK to play it silly." All four actors credit Sollett, who encouraged them to improvise, with the film's inspired performances. "We had a lot of actors with a lot of good ideas," Sollett says, "and it was my job to put those on the screen."

"CAROLINE IS DRUNK THE ENTIRE MOVIE AND THERE IS NOTHING WORSE THAN WATCHING SOMEBODY DO A BAD DRUNK.... BUT I LEARNED THAT, 'WOW, DRUNK PEOPLE REALLY ARE RIDICULOUS,' SO IT'S OK TO PLAY IT SILLY."
ARI GRAYNOR

The film's realism also derives from its distinctive setting, in modern-day Manhattan. (Most teen movies take place in a non-specific Anytown.) In fact, the city is as much a character as any

photographed by matthew frost

stylist: jessica de rutter. hair: (ari) robert mefford for l'oréal at the wall group. (alexis) mara roszak using pantene at themagnetagency.com. (kat) adir abergel for frederic fekkai at themagnetagency.com. makeup: (ari) kayleen mcadams for nars at the wall group, (alexis) stephen sollitto at themagnetagency.com. (kat) rachel goodwin for chanel at themagnetagency.com. from left: ari wears a jacket by current/elliott, jumper by kova & t, and vintage hat. alexis wears a dress by kova & t. kat wears a dress by jesse kamm and vintage belt.

of the teens in the film: Arlene's Grocery, the Mercury Lounge, Bowery Ballroom, Sunshine Cinemas, Union Pool, and Veselka all have cameos. But it's the soundtrack—a compilation of mostly local bands, like Vampire Weekend and Project Jenny, Project Jan—that creates the film's quintessential New York City atmosphere. "Movies like *The Breakfast Club* all had that quality," Dziena says, invoking the Hughes comparison, about the film's particular milieu, "They showed you what it felt like to be a teen in that period, in that time." And yet, like its cinematic predecessors, *Nick and Norah's Infinite Playlist* also has a timeless quality; it evokes that magical, ineffable feeling of late-night Manhattan, the mise-en-scene for so much drama and romance—as well as the poignant urgency of a chance encounter with someone you may lose to the city's crowded chaos and never see again. Indeed, despite its contemporaneousness, the film feels nostalgic even as it plays out. "Very Loud," by Shout Out Louds, or "Last Words," by The Real Tuesday Weld, may well become, like "Don't You (Forget About Me)" and "If You Leave" before them, anthems of a generation.

MICHAEL CERA
KAT DENNINGS
NICK & NORAH'S INFINITE PLAYLIST
COLUMBIA PICTURES AND MANDATE PICTURES PRESENT A DEPTH OF FIELD PRODUCTION MICHAEL CERA NICK & NORAH'S INFINITE PLAYLIST KAT DENNINGS ALEXIS DZIENA ARI GRAYNOR
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NICK & LAURA'S INFINITE BAR LIST

By Nick Jaramillo and Laura Ochoa

With all the hype surrounding Michael Cera's new comedy, *Nick & Norah's Infinite Playlist*, we decided to do our own take on the film. Just as Nick and Norah spend a night roaming the streets of New York's Lower East Side, we embarked on late night exploration to discover some of the hot spots that will be featured in the film, as well as other notable nightlife locales. We put the venues to the test to see if they were dateworthy, and to give a balanced male/female perspective, we individually shared our opinions. So if you can't wait until the release date on October 3rd to see *Nick & Norah*, we present the adventures of Nick and Laura.

HE SAID:

ARLENE'S GROCERY
131 Rivington St.
Arlene's is actually where Nick and Norah first meet in the movie, so we thought we'd start the night here. With its Monday Night Rock Karaoke, it's a great place for me to break out the old rock tee, three-day stubble and turn this mother out! This next song's dedicated to all the lovely ladies in the house.

THE BOWERY BALLROOM
6 Delancey St.
The Ballroom is a great date spot if you enjoy yelling in your date's ear while your favorite band is playing. Just don't get caught talking about the weird, sweaty guy in front of you when the song ends.

CAKE SHOP
152 Ludlow St.
With the increasing prevalence of MP3 players, at what point will CDs become just another ironic accessory? Hidden at the far back of record store/cafe/venue Cake Shop, there is a bored music clerk who must ask himself this question repeatedly.

DARK ROOM
165 Ludlow St.
In most places, it's annoying when there's not enough seating, but at Dark Room it just comes off as confidence in their DJs' abilities to get you up and dancing. Whether you're a great dancer like Laura or you're like me and all you've got is Mr. Roboto, it's all the same when it's happening in this dark, crowded basement bar.

MASON DIXON
133 Essex St.
The closest I've come to seeing God is watching one of Mason Dixon's bartenders control the mechanical bull I was riding and knowing that my fate rested in his tattooed hands. I tried to befriend this guy in order to maintain my stallion status, but the bull won.

MAX FISH
178 Ludlow St.
If your special lady friend is more of the skateboarding, cheap beer-drinking, kick-your-ass-in-pool type, chances are she'll like Max Fish and a thorough beating in Galaga.

PIANOS
158 Ludlow St.
With its clientele ranging from the Jersey frat crowd to Brooklyn hipsters to serious rockers, Pianos can please almost any date.

SCHILLER'S LIQUOR BAR
131 Rivington St.
Many a drunken story has been told at Schiller's Liquor Bar. Expect to encounter loud jokes, large hand gestures and explosions of laughter while waitresses weave in and out of tables, playing along when necessary.

SHE SAID:

ARLENE'S GROCERY
131 Rivington St.
Monday Night Rock Karaoke is perfect for all the secret rock hams out there. This is not your typical karaoke night, you actually have the support of a rock band behind you. If you secretly dream of becoming a rock star, this is your bar.

THE BOWERY BALLROOM
6 Delancey St.
I love that my favorite music venue gets a mention in the movie when Nick's yellow Yugo is mistaken for a taxi and the couple that hops in asks to be taken to the Bowery Ballroom. Yeah! Viva LES!

CAKE SHOP
152 Ludlow St.
If you ever asked yourself, does cake go well with beer? I can vouch that, oddly, yes it does. I totally recommend this place for a date spot for these reasons: 1.The majority of the tables are only for two; 2. The rock pheromones that creeped in from the basement band playing made me come to life even though it also brought the sweaty scent of BO; 3. Cupcakes!

DARK ROOM
165 Ludlow St.
Sometimes I just wanna dance! Dark Room is a great place for just that—and for getting close. The dim lights and mood make it the perfect place for all the Cinderellas who like to sport '80s prom dresses, but just remember that prom dresses don't look good in the daylight.

MASON DIXON
133 Essex St.
At this rock/country joint, you can't help but fantasize about riding a bull Sissy-style. The love story of Sissy and Bud from the movie *Urban Cowboy* easily comes to life in this bar that is equipped with a mechanical bull and Lone Star Beer!!

MAX FISH
178 Ludlow St.
It's the little rock bar that can with its own jukebox, but for dating maybe better for those with fake ids.

PIANOS
158 Ludlow St.
This particular night a wave of muscles and polo shirts greeted me as a mixture of frat rock bands played from various rooms. I did manage to have a good time with Nick, but I think that was because I was a bit drunk by that point.

SCHILLER'S LIQUOR BAR
131 Rivington St.
A great post-bar eatery. Watching Nick trying to flirt with the waitress made it entertaining and gave me some time to really enjoy the food, which was pretty darn tasty. Must feed after a rockin night!

take me higher

THE KINGS OF LEON'S NEW ALBUM OWES ITS SOARING, SPOOKY SOUND TO A LITTLE BIT OF PHARMACEUTICAL FUN. BY CRISTINA BLACK. PHOTOGRAPHED BY JO MCCAUGHEY

It's got to be intense to be in a band with blood relatives. "At this point," Kings of Leon singer Caleb Followill says, "we've gotten over some pretty big hurdles." He's referring to an incident last year when he and his brother Nathan, the band's hirsute drummer, got into a fistfight, and Caleb badly injured his shoulder. Neither party remembers the exact reason behind the scuffle—they were too hammered—but Caleb blames the ruckus on overblown egos. "When you have screaming fans in your face every night," he says, "you start to buck up and think you're something special."

In a roundabout way, the Kings' new album, *Only by the Night,* directly benefited from this brotherly squabble. Though Caleb spent the year after the fight popping his wayward arm back into its socket several times a week, when he finally finished touring and had surgery, he was introduced to what would become his most recent inspiration: painkillers. The result of his blissed-out recovery is a superb set of songs that fuse giant pop hooks with eerie, otherworldly effects. "I wrote a good portion of these songs with certain substances in my system," Caleb says. "I have this evil alter-ego that pops up when I've had too much to drink." Specifically, he cites his tendency to mouth off while drunk, a characteristic he chronicles on the album in the song "Notion." His pharmaceutical experiments are also evident on the sweeping choruses and aural explosions on songs such as the new single "Sex on Fire," and the pretty countermelodies on the yearning, humble "Use Somebody."

The Kings have come a long way since the Tennessean band of three brothers—the sons of a traveling Pentecostal preacher—and one cousin started their career with *Youth and Young Manhood* in 2003. They toured with the Strokes, became a fixture on the U.K. charts, and—with slim physiques clad in skinny jeans and tiny vests—dated a bevy of well-known models, among other rock 'n' roll perks. Once a testosterone-driven kid who publicly denounced monogamy and boasted about indulging groupies' advances, Caleb has now grown into a twentysomething with a stable girlfriend, model Lily Aldridge, and has also cut his hair and developed a preference for loose—well, *looser*—pants.

And though he hopes the new album will finally propel his family band to the level of fame enjoyed by U2, who the Kings opened for in 2005, he's nervous about the intensifying pressures of his own snowballing success. "We put a lot of pressure on ourselves," he says. "We just refuse to put out a record that isn't an improvement over what we've done before." Caleb still considers Kings of Leon underdogs, and he's hoping the new album of writ-large rock will rectify that. "We've had some of the biggest and best bands around take us on tour because they think we're an important band and don't want us to give up," he says. Asked if quitting is an option, he answers "No," and then back peddles a little. "Well, you never know."

life of the party

THE RELEASE OF *FEED THE ANIMALS* PROVES THAT GIRL TALK JUST WANTS TO HAVE FUN. BY SAMANTHA GILEWICZ. PHOTOGRAPHED BY DARKROOM DEMONS

"I have a stalker," says Gregg Gillis. "She's been sending me MySpace messages for a couple of years, then started turning up at all my shows...and I think I saw her last night!"

In a way, Gillis has asked for it: He does, after all, call himself Girl Talk and, during live sets, strips to his boxers and dances in the glow of his laptop, maniacally triggering samples until drunken revelers swarm the stage. And, as was the case on a recent good night, have sex at his feet. It's a sweltering morning after one such show (sans fornication, though), and the Brooklyn playground where we've met seems to simmer in the heat. Gillis pulls his tangled hair back from his eyes, which are so blue they make Frank Sinatra's look dull. "Girl Talk is so glossy it should be a 12-year-old girl's band—it was sort of a sore thumb in a sea of guys with made-up words for band names," he says. "When I started, I was affiliated with this overly serious scene that was kind of old-man-style, kind of...chin-strokey. So, I wanted to be the antithesis of that: something that didn't sound like you were going to an art gallery to watch guys play with computers."

The first two albums that Gillis, a former biomedical engineer from Pittsburgh, PA, released were pretty avant-garde, but obscure instrumentation bowed to electronica and, eventually, the pop that runs rampant in *Night Ripper* (2006), a syncopated mash-up in which 2 Live Crew rub shoulders with Hall & Oates, and was so successful it allowed Gillis to finally quit his day job.

Gillis doesn't remix songs—he uses each bridge, vocal snippet, and synth scrape like an instrument to compose brand-new ones. In *Feed the Animals*, Gillis's latest album, he sampled more than 300 FM favorites, all credited in the liner notes ("I probably sourced like 5,000 to get down to those 300"). It will be released by the anti-copyright collective, Illegal Art; Gillis is well aware of his Fair Use rights, and has yet to see a cease and desist, though there has always been much speculation about the legality of what he's doing. "Nothing is really sacred to me. I've been doing it kind of renegade-style for eight years," he says.

The overall effect sounds like the product of sonic ADD, an interweaving of nostalgia and novelty, in which contemporary hits (M.I.A., Lil' Wayne) richochet against vintage smashes (Earth, Wind & Fire), and guilty pleasures (Ace of Base). All of which, of course, are guaranteed to make the kids go bananas—exactly what Gillis wants. "*Animals* is too detailed to be the ultimate dance record," he says, adding, "But I want the live shows to be a party—I want to, like, get in peoples' faces and interact with them. And if there is an opportunity to jump in the crowd, sweat on someone, or steal their drink, I'll do that, too."

As for what comes next, Gillis says "I think I'll probably go back to biomedical engineering one day."

all hail the queens

YO MAJESTY IS WIDELY REGARDED AS ONE OF THE MOST GROUNDBREAKING ACTS AROUND—IF ONLY THEY CAN STICK IT OUT. BY KATE WILLIAMS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY TIM SACIENTTI

In a sea of bands trying to be different, Yo Majesty couldn't blend in if they tried. Rappers Shunda K and Jwl B are hard to ignore, with a raunchy but infectiously uplifting sound that includes bangers such as "Kryptonite Pussy" and "Club Action." During live shows, Jwl often raps topless, leading the crowd in chants of "Fuck dat shit," even though, in addition to being proud lesbians, Shunda and Jwl are both devout Christians. What is most incongruous, though, is that their first full-length album *Futuristically Speaking... Never Be Afraid* is being released on Domino, home of the stripped-down sound of the Kills and the Last Shadow Puppets, and that the indie-rock loving hipster demographic has emerged as some of Yo Majesty's loudest and proudest supporters (they recently made *NME*'s list of "25 Bands Making America Cool Again").

"At a show, I was like, 'We gonna get it crunk. How many of ya'll believe in Jesus Christ?' and it was like, 'Boooooooo!!!!'" Shunda recalls. "And so I said, 'Well, we believe in Jesus Christ, and if you believe in Yo Majesty, then you believe in Jesus Christ.'"

Yo Majesty's trajectory began when Shunda and Jwl met at a gay club in Tampa, Florida, in the early part of the decade. Shunda had been rapping under the name Yo Majesty for a while when Jwl, who had a gospel background, joined up as a singer. "At first when we were performing, we were like, 'We're gay, dominant women and we're gonna represent,'" Jwl says, "But as the years went by, we started accumulating other fans because we were learning about other aspects of life. Being gay is not my lifestyle," she clarifies. "It is a part of my life. Music is my lifestyle."

The group went on hiatus for a while when Shunda, rejecting her homosexuality, married a pastor in her church and worked as a traveling preacher. Yo Majesty split up when she got married in 2003, but reformed when she divorced two years later. Shunda is now engaged again—this time to a woman, someone she met after diligently praying for a wife. "That right there let me know that God loves me for real. Where in the Bible does it say 'Before you come to God, make sure you're perfect?' No, it says 'Come as you are!'" she says, with all the zeal of someone who is used to preaching in front of crowds. "I love pussy! That's what I tell God! I said, 'I love it!' And some may call it unnatural, but I'm very in touch with nature."

Futuristically Speaking has been a long time coming, and is full of electro-rap gems like "Night Rider," which has strains of mid-90s 8Ball and MJG, and "Buy Love," which spotlights Jwl's sweet vocals. It's an unusual and polished album, which makes it all the more sad that, on the cusp of its release, Shunda and Jwl are at odds and the group is at a standstill.

"Yo Majesty is going through a transition right now," Shunda says. "We have some differences. The one member who's keeping it moving refuses to do anything with the other. Straight up. I just can't do anything else, because it's just gotten kinda ridiculous with the things I have to deal with from her."

Jwl is more demure about it. "I'd rather not discuss that, because I don't entertain negativity," she says. "I just want people to know that you don't have to be what somebody wants you to be; you be what you wanna be. That's what I want to focus on," she says. "There's no focus for gay little girls now. They're coming out of the closet real early, and they have no role models. I want it to be like, 'Look at Jwl B: she ain't scared; she ain't afraid.' OK?" OK, and here's hoping Yo Majesty gets their act together soon—for their sake, and for ours.

trash and burn

ARTIST AUREL SCHMIDT'S WORK IS FULL OF CREEPY-CRAWLIES, CIGARETTE BUTTS, AND OTHER WONDERFUL THINGS. BY SAMANTHA GILEWICZ. PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEFF HOLLADAY

On the industrial fringe of Long Island City, Queens, Deitch Studios casts an austere shadow over the waterfront. Inside, artist Aurel Schmidt is hard at work preparing for her first solo show, "Man Eater," at Deitch Projects in SoHo. She has a perfect view of the Manhattan skyline, but has wallpapered her studio with pictures of insects and banana peels, rust-colored pheasant feathers and, in miniature mounds on the floor, is collecting the things she likes to draw: cigarette butts, acrylic nails, and condom wrappers. An armchair-sized tampon is slumped in one corner.

Considering that Schmidt published a book of drawings last fall entitled *Burn Outs*, which employed cigarette burns strategically placed on the paper, I ask if she smoked all of the cigarettes herself. "Nooo, but I have the funniest story!" she says. "I had this group show in Athens [Greece], "Mail Order Monsters," and I told the gallery interns that I needed hundreds of cigarette butts. One of them came up to me later and was like, 'Um, we're all getting sick from taking so many drags.' I felt so bad!" Schmidt laughs, and her wide blue eyes crinkle up behind thick-rimmed glasses. She has choppy, straw-colored bangs and, wearing high-waisted white shorts, looks like Scarlett Johansson's and Thora Birch's characters in *Ghost World* rolled into one; she is both unapologetically nerdy and apologetically pretty.

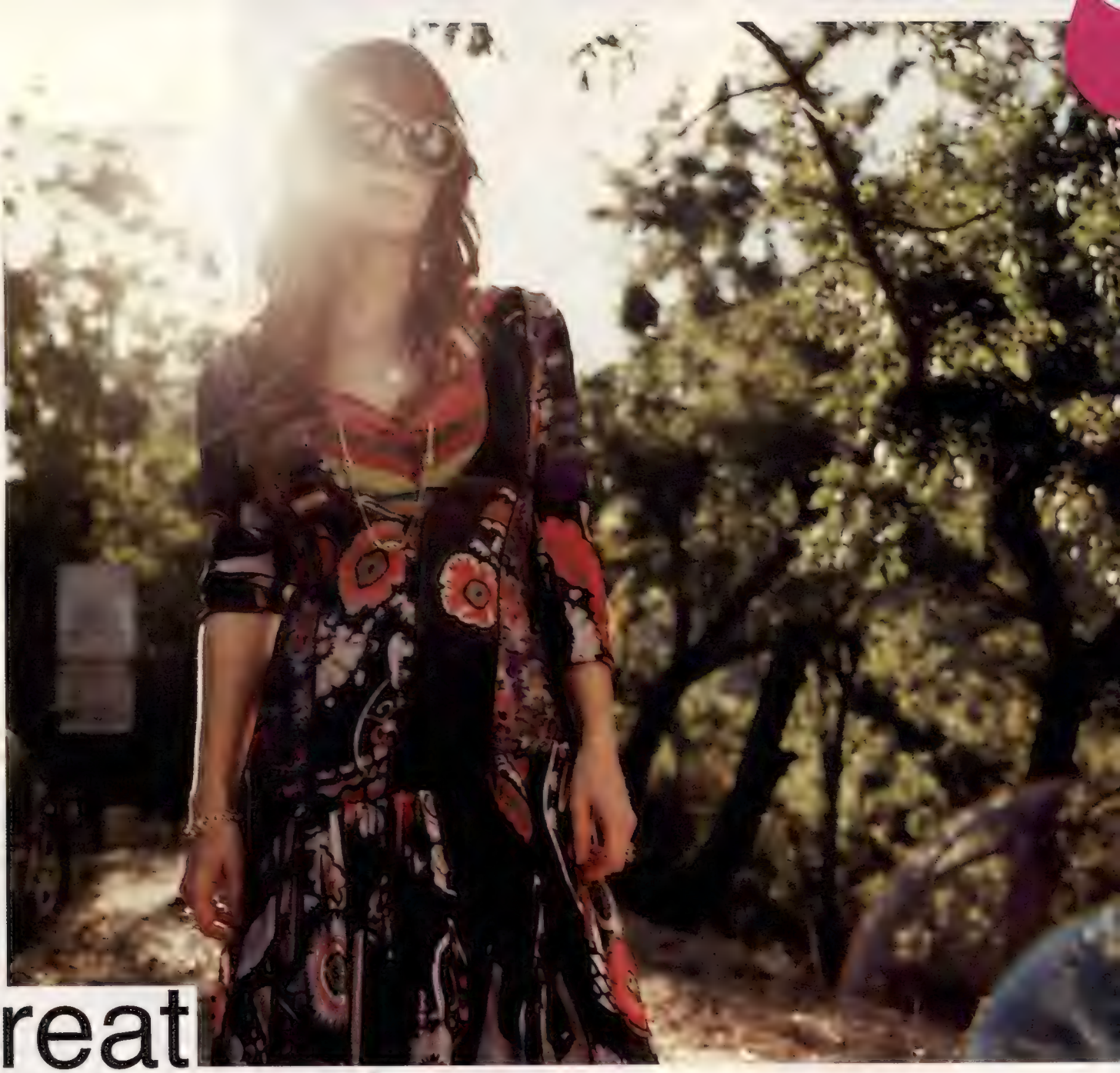
Schmidt's artwork is its own brand of bizarre: Her intricate drawings are filled with zombies and malformed Mr. Smiley faces—with features cast from half-eaten hamburgers and lo mein, dead snakes and houseflies ("in art history, flies are symbols that everything beautiful dies"), and, more recently, penises ("at some point I started having sex!").

"When I first moved to New York a couple years ago I felt really alienated," says Schmidt, who's originally from Kamloops, British Columbia. "I was very aware of the rats everywhere and rotting garbage, and I became obsessed with the idea that I was turning into some kind of half-dead person. I would get home after days of drinking and doing drugs and draw in bed, hungover."

Using only colored pencils, Schmidt, who is self-taught, juxtaposes a naturalistic technique with nightmarish themes: each strand of hair and charred cigarette is rendered so painstakingly real that it appears to actually be sitting atop the paper, but they combine to paint a grislier picture still. In one drawing, entitled "Lynda" (an homage to sculptor Lynda Benglis, who controversially posed with a dildo in a 1974 issue of *Artforum*), a face simpers with phallic lips; in another, flies spell out BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME. "There's an underlying darkness to everything," Schmidt says. "But I think now that I'm happier, there's more humor in my work."

Schmidt has exhibited around the world, often as part of Tim Barber's Tiny Vices art crew, and for her show at Deitch, is making her own pencil-and-paper interpretations of de Koonings and Picassos. "It's not like I'm trying to make this conceptual show; I'm just so in love with the work, I can't help but want to make it," she says. "A painter couldn't redo a Jackson Pollock drip painting, but because I draw, I can kind of get away with it; instead of pouring paint on canvas, I'll draw bile or vomit or piss. It's like, 'Fuck you but I'm obsessed with you.'" Schmidt has fans herself, which is lucky since, she says, "I probably would be pregnant in a trailer park right now if it weren't for art—my work is completely for other people. I want kids in Kansas to be like, 'Wow, that's cool; I can do that!'"

above: "weeping woman," 2008
left: "super natural," 2006



great expectations

JENNY LEWIS'S SECOND SOLO ALBUM, *ACID TONGUE*, DELIVERS A SALTY SOUND THAT STILL GOES DOWN SWEET. BY MIKAEL WOOD. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAMELA LITTKY

Last January, Jenny Lewis came up with a mantra she's tried to live by all year: "2008 is going to be great." That positive thinking bears ripe fruit this month with the release of *Acid Tongue*, the second solo album from the frontwoman of L.A.'s Rilo Kiley. As its title implies, *Acid Tongue* is a scrappier, slightly harder-edged affair than the delicate, country-tinged *Rabbit Fur Coat* (2006); Lewis completed the new record in just three weeks with an all-star backing band that included M. Ward, Johnathan Rice, Farmer Dave Scher, Rilo's Jason Boesel, and even Elvis Costello, who duets with Lewis on "Carpetbaggers."

NYLON: You whipped this record out in pretty impressive time.

JENNY LEWIS: I wanted to capture a live feeling, and I wanted it to rock. But I don't think we recorded it without care—we weren't hasty. We definitely were obsessive about the details, and we discussed the record endlessly before we actually went into the studio. We had a pretty solid outline as to what we were gonna go in and accomplish in those three weeks.

NYLON: It's tempting to speculate if your desire for a more off-the-cuff vibe was a response to the intricate studio work Rilo Kiley did on last year's *Under the Blacklight*.

JL: It was, yeah. Everything I do seems to be a reaction to

stylist: ashley furnival
dress by chloé vintage
top from the way we wore,
sunglasses by karen walker,
vintage necklaces from
nadine krakov vintage
bracelet from neil lane

the thing previous, so that's exactly where I was at. And though I do enjoy using the studio as a tool in crafting pop songs, there's just something more natural and immediate about recording the band on tape—capturing the feeling rather than going after precision. Both things are valuable, but for me, having spent so much time on *Under the Blacklight*, I wanted to just go in there and knock the songs out, and if there were mistakes in them, that was OK. I wanted those to stay.

NYLON: Is the desire to make different records in different ways a result of having made a few now?

JL: Well, first off, it's remarkable that I have a career and that I'm able to discuss these ideas and consider these questions. But I guess the goal for me is just to keep myself interested. I think having two different outlets has given me a great opportunity to not only write a bunch of different kinds of songs, but to try different things in the studio.

NYLON: *Rabbit Fur Coat* seemed to be a very personal record for you, whereas *Under the Blacklight* had more to do with characters and storytelling. Where does *Acid Tongue* fit into that spectrum?

JL: I think it's somewhere in the middle. I sang a lot about my mother on *Rabbit Fur Coat*, and I was so sick of that that I had to kill her off on this record.

NYLON: Do the two approaches scratch different itches?

JL: Again, it comes back to everything being a reaction to the thing that happened before. When I'm writing songs, if I've just written a ballad, I tend to sit down and write something a little more upbeat. If I'm writing about myself, that can get a little boring, so then I'll look outward for inspiration.

NYLON: *Acid Tongue* is your record, but loads of people worked on it. How does this collaboration differ from the way you work with your bandmates in Rilo Kiley?

JL: Because it's my record, people came in with a very open sensibility, and they ultimately wanted to serve the songs. I think that sometimes when you're in a band you can be pissed off about something that happened [within the group] five years ago, and you kind of bring that to the songs when you're arranging them, because there's so much history. But when you're dealing with friends who you've never collaborated with before, it lends itself to this great environment where people are there to enjoy the process and have a really open state of mind.

NYLON: What kind of ringleader are you? Are you like, "Hey, Elvis Costello, sing that this way!"

JL: Uh, no—I'm not that kind of ringleader. I guess it depends on the part, on what is being played. I usually have an idea of how I want things to sound, but depending upon who I'm working with, I also want to be open-minded and allow them to create their own parts. With Elvis Costello, I sort of just let him do his thing.

global warming.
taxes. guns.
immigration.
iraq. energy.
environment.
economy.
gay marriage.
freedom
of speech.
freedom
of choice.
my rights.
your rights.
show up or
shut up.

VOTE

November 4, 2008

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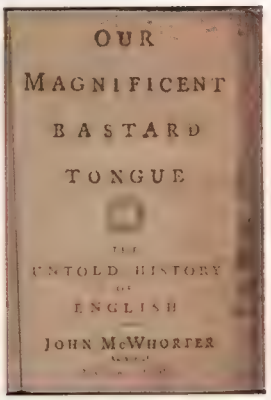
RACHAEL YAMAGATA

ELEPHANTS ... TEETH SINKING INTO HEART
(warner bros records)

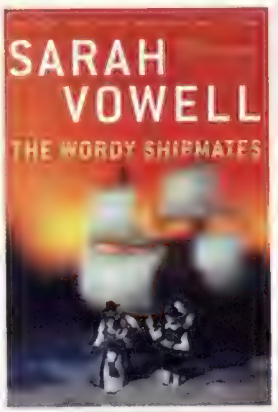
You've heard Rachael Yamagata, even if you haven't heard *of* her: The New York-based folk chanteuse's songs have been featured on *The O.C.*, *The L Word*, and in *The Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants*. But following 2004's *Happenstance*, Yamagata has improved upon the indie-pop balladry that first caught the attention fans of Mandy Moore, with whom she toured. *Elephants ... Teeth Sinking Into Heart* takes a stab at a more experimental framework: a two-part album. Produced by Mike Mogis (Bright Eyes, Rilo Kiley) and John Alagia (John Mayer, Dave Matthews Band), *Elephants* drips with raspy pipes, plaintive pianos, and swooning strings. She sings about unrequited love with unique lyrics that sound as if they are being sung through tear-soaked lips, and *Teeth Sinking Into Heart* (which is five songs; *Elephant*, 10) plays a grittier tune than her past work: surf guitars crackle and her vocals are more visceral. It's when the two parts are taken as a whole, though, that the songwriter's bittersweet yarns sound best. SAMANTHA GILEWICZ

bookmark:
ALPHABET JUICE AND *OUR MAGNIFICENT BASTARD TONGUE*

Even as our communication skills are in rapid decline ("OMG whr r ur lolz??") the English language remains an endless source of subject matter and analysis. In *Alphabet Juice* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), Roy Blount Jr., a contributing editor to *The Atlantic Monthly*, traces the roots of used and abused words and letters with a thoroughly bemused attitude of acceptance. *Alphabet Juice* is an examination of contemporary lexicons set up dictionary-style, and even includes an entry about *Snakes on a Plane*, which the author calls "a perfect example of the selfish meme. Except it tried too hard," and he frequently references urbandictionary.com, to which he is a proud supporter and contributor. *Our Magnificent Bastard Tongue: The Untold History of English* (Gotham Books) is linguistics professor John McWhorter's take on English's evolution into a language full of incomprehensible rules. McWhorter shows how everyone from the Welsh to the Celtics and the Vikings have had their way with English, and that if there ever was an illegitimate language whose mother deserved to be shipped off to a home for wayward girls, what we're speaking is it. KATE WILLIAMS



bookmark:
THE WORDY SHIPMATES

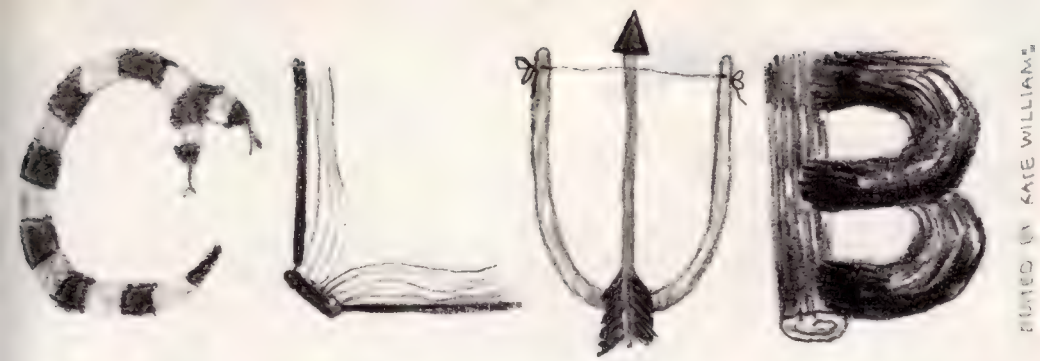


Not every author known for a dry sense of humor would begin a book by describing a sermon given in 1630, but Sarah Vowell, a frequent *This American Life* contributor, takes that risk here. The "shipmates" in *The Wordy Shipmates* (Riverhead Books) aren't the popular Mayflower Pilgrims, either, but an arguably less trendy (infrequently referenced in elementary school plays, anyway) but more prolific group of Puritans bound for the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Words from their sermons resonated with Vowell after the events of September 11th, 2001, and she now sees the U.S.A. as "haunted by the Puritans' vision of themselves." It's an odd subject for a pop history book, but then Vowell (who was also the voice of Violet in *The Incredibles*) is a U.S. History buff and once devoted an entire tome, *Assassination Vacation*, to chronicling her visits to the sites of presidential assassinations. In *Shipmates*, Vowell's sweet-and-sour style breaks the ice, but she's also you-bet-your-life serious about how the Puritans' fondness for writing about their ideas and beliefs—what she calls their "wordiness"—still illuminates current politics, social movements, and historical events. JENNETTE SELIG

marnie stern

THIS IS IT AND I AM IT AND YOU ARE IT AND SO IS THAT AND HE IS IT AND SHE IS IT AND IT IS IT AND THAT IS THAT
(kill rock stars)

Good on Marnie Stern for cementing the idea of shredding as a womanly act with her 2007 debut *In Advance of the Broken Arm*. This time around, the New York City fireball proves she's more than a mere one hit wonder. On the new album—let's just call it *It*—Stern harnesses her astonishing axe skills in a set of songs that spin real emotion out of stunning technique. The Fiona Apple-esque title and odd rhythms might come off as a bit pretentious, but follow her proggy runs and shots of screamo vocals and you'll find less lofty sentiments like determination ("Roads?"), nostalgia ("Shea Stadium"), and a whole lot of frustration. Though she isn't the first female to be good at playing a guitar, Stern stands on the shoulders of the PJ Harveys and Carrie Brownsteins of the world with such conviction, it's as if women in rock had never been marginalized at all. CRISTINA BLACK



PAINTED BY KATE WILLIAMS

sasha

INVOL2VER
(global underground)

In 1994 Sasha, then a resident DJ at the club Renaissance in England, released a three-CD mix album with his longtime friend and collaborator John Digweed. The album, which was simply titled *Renaissance*, has now become known as one of the greatest dance albums of all time and Sasha and Digweed are now superstar DJs. Since Sasha started using Ableton Live, he has been able to redefine the traditional concept of what a mix album is: Instead of blending tracks, Sasha breaks down each song and puts it back together again, and for *Invol2ver*, the follow-up to *Involver* (2004), he and his production team sourced equipment including guitar pedals, old amps, and vintage mixing desks to create a collage of sound that is part artist album, part mix CD, and unlike any electronic record before it. Thom Yorke, Ray LaMontagne, Ladytron, and Apparat all get the Sasha treatment here, but the sum of the album's parts are eclipsed by the whole, which builds from a quiet, reflective soundscape to a call to arms that reaches a melodic peak with Sasha's own "3 Little Piggys," which is as exciting as anything he's made since "Xpander" (1999). The work of a man who is still pioneering the very genre of music he helped create, this whole record seems to thrum with the rhythm of the future, and it sounds good. LUKE CRISELL

DEERHOOF

OFFEND MAGGIE
(kill rock stars)

This summer, Deerhoof leaked the sheet music for "Fresh Born," the first track from *Offend Maggie*, and dared fans to cover it, claiming, "Our songs aren't necessarily so hard to play." But though the San Francisco quartet's ninth album is the most accessible to date, it's still not easy to replicate. Where *Friend Opportunity* had the disorienting art rock of "Kidz Are So Small," the twittering vocals in *Maggie* touch upon Bambi ("Tiny hoofies bend oh bend bonny/ Puffy butty stand up now waggy") and basketball ("Bunny jump Bunny jump/ Go Go Champyong/ Rebound Rebound Ready ok?") over skuzzy guitars and jaunty percussions. For every pop gem such as the lightheaded "Chandelier Searchlight," there is a bitter love song like the "Numina," and when the band chants in tandem on the film score-esque centerpiece, "Family of Others," Deerhoof prove that sunshine is best served with a side of salt. SG

vivian girls

VIVIAN GIRLS
(in the red)

Brooklynites Vivian Girls are just getting around to a proper debut, and already they're a standout among the throngs of noteworthy bands from their neighborhood. Repackaged as a CD since the vinyl version sold out earlier this year, this self-titled set somehow comes off completely exhilarating while maintaining an air of utter disaffectedness. Maybe it's the vocals: Way down in the mix, the Girls' sugary harmonies are tricked out with shoegaze sound effects and drowned in jagged, droning guitars. On "Tell the World," they sound like the Go-Go's dampened by buckets of reverb, stomping through a sea of slow-moving sludge. Other times, they're sweeter, like on the wispy "Wild Eyes," which still manages to chug along in a dour mood despite its cheer. At under two minutes, the song represents Vivian Girls' best trick—juxtaposing light and dark elements in a quick shot of fuzzy, melodic bliss. CB

bookmark: NEW YORK DOLLS

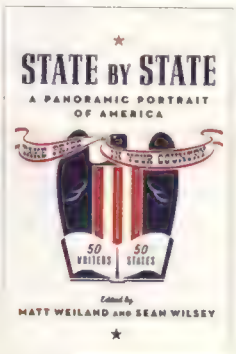
IN *NEW YORK DOLLS: PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GRUEN* (ABRAMS IMAGE), GRUEN DOCUMENTS HIS YEARS WITH THE DOLLS AND THE ROCK SCENE THEY HELPED CREATE.

What inspired you to do a book about the New York Dolls?
They were the most photogenic band ever; life was a show and there was never an off moment. The Dolls were also referenced by so many bands, from the Clash to Poison.

Why do you think they were so infuential?
The Dolls made it look really easy; they were obviously having fun. They were doing classic rhythm and blues, they were just doing it faster and louder than anyone else.

What was the party scene like?
The Dolls didn't have to have parties—they were the party. There was a constant crowd around them of exciting, eclectic, often stoned-out people.

How did the Dolls transform rock 'n' roll style?
The Dolls bought their clothes in the women's department, but when they wore them, it became men's clothing. There was nothing feminine about them, they were just expressing themselves in the most glamorous, beautiful way that they knew. LUCIA DELLA PAOLERA



bookmark: *STATE BY STATE*

In *State by State: A Panoramic Portrait of America* (Ecco), editors Matt Weiland and Sean Wilsey have compiled 50 writers to each profile one of the 50 states. The resulting essays are hilarious and touching, and celebrate the United States in all of its glories and foibles. Jonathan Franzen writes from the point of view of a reporter trying to arrange an interview with the actual state of New York, and in it, captures all the gratuitous self-importance of a city where time is money and you can't afford it. William T. Vollman, surprisingly, appreciates California's superficiality; and Alison Bechdel, a graphic novelist, illustrates what it is like to live in and love Vermont, but still feel like an outsider. The essays are as varied as the states they discuss, but nearly all paint a very personal—and very accurate—portrait of what it's like to be proud of where you live in spite of all of its faults, or even because of them. KW

this side of paradise

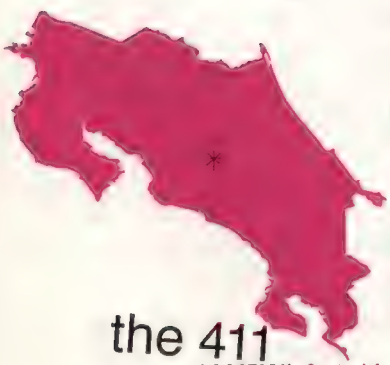
WITH A BUSTLING ECO-TOURISM TRADE AND DESTINATION BEACHES THAT RIVAL ANY CARIBBEAN ISLAND, COSTA RICA IS A DREAM. CHRISTOPHER GARLAND LIVES LA VIDA PURA.

We emerge from the rain not long before sunset, the twin hulls of the Marina Del Rey easing through the glassy waters. After a day of snorkeling, sailing, and swimming, everyone aboard the catamaran gazes at the horizon, which is framed by concrete-colored clouds.

Just off Playa Tamarindo, the captain cuts the engine and the boat drifts in silence for a moment. Then, as if waiting for the cue, the hypnotic rhythm of Massive Attack's classic "Unfinished Sympathy" rings out from an iPod in the cabin. With the day ebbing away—and filled to the brim with lemon-infused guacamole and seasoned fried chicken, alongside very generous doses of Imperial beer and sweet margaritas—we raise a glass to an afternoon's perfect closure. We stay until the sky grows dark off the coast of Costa Rica, the small nation in the middle of Central America which, last year, was visited by nearly two million people.

There's a good reason for the recent surge of interest. Once the poorest country of Spain's expansive new world empire, Costa Rica now possesses one of the most thriving eco-tourism industries in all of Latin America. The difficulties that frustrated Spanish colonists in the 18th century—including its distance from other major Central American cities and the absence of an exploitative system of forced labor or slavery—have helped shape two of contemporary Costa Rica's defining features: a lush, largely undamaged natural environment and the kind of welcoming atmosphere that can quickly make tourists feel at home while abroad. The spirit of *pura vida*, a ubiquitous local phrase that carries the same gravitas as *aloha* does in Hawaii, is infectious. Once your plane sets down in Costa Rica, there seems to commence a concerted effort by the locals to extinguish any foreign-born big city or winter blues.

There are a number of well-worn paths available for a traveler in Costa Rica. A typical journey starts in the capital city, San José, where the plaintive rush-hour conversation of car horns, the clatter of stalls being set-up, and the busy hum of commerce fill the air. Out near the Coca-Cola factory, tour buses clog the streets, heading towards the environmentally conscious tourist trail of sparkling coastline, protected rainforests, and ready access to an extensive array of untapped (at least for now) villages and remote beaches. Although a couple of days in San José has its rewards—a visit to the ornate Catedral Metropolitana, dinner overlooking the San Jose's skyline from the rooftop Hostel Pangea, and a perusal of the stores and fresh fruit and vegetable markets near Avenida and Calle Central are all recommended—Costa Rica's real prize is far beyond the rolling streets and cobbled avenues

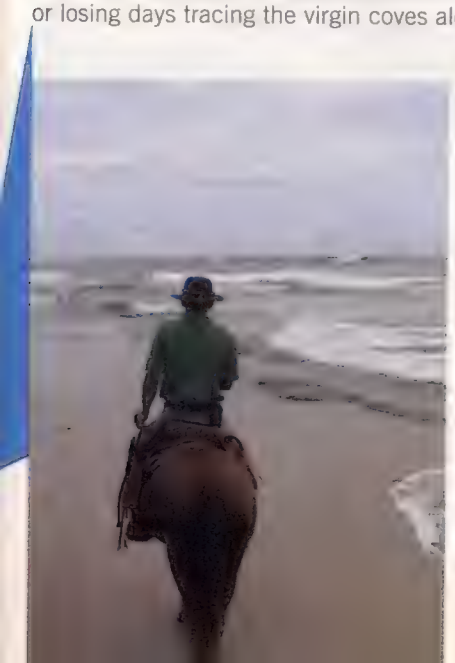


the 411

LOCATION: Central America
POPULATION: 4,200,000
OFFICIAL LANGUAGE: Spanish
CURRENCY: Costa Rican Colon, or CRC (approx 0.0018 per U.S. dollar)

of this city. As you take a small bus from downtown San José towards the Guanacaste province, in the northwest of the country, the greens appear deeper while the landscape of farms and dramatic mountain backdrops quickly begin to look like New Zealand. Although the roads are still roughshod and pot-holed, the five-and-a-half-hour drive from San Jose to the beach at Tamarindo offers drive-by views of the cowboy rodeo culture and stunning countryside that define the region.

At Witch's Rock Surf Camp, the best place to stay in Tamarindo, the illusion of Costa Rica as some sort of island free from the rest of Central America can be quite pervasive. There's the relatively short distance between the Pacific and Atlantic coasts; the huge numbers of tourists who go directly to the country's beach towns and see little else but sand and ocean; and the kind of collective social disposition that makes the Fijian islands seem stuffy in comparison. The fact that Costa Rica is tucked right into the core of Central America, with Nicaragua to the north and Panama to the south, seems arbitrary when walking through the pungent, marijuana-laced air of a reggae club or losing days tracing the virgin coves along the coast.



clockwise, from top left: sunset at playa tamarindo; one of the indoor fruit and vegetable markets in san josé; an intricate building facade in san josé's historic downtown; the intimate surroundings of hotel coco rico; a plate of escargot tapas at bistro langosta; a late morning horseback ride along playa langosta.

Costa Rica is the fantasy Caribbean island, displaced.

There are additional hallucinatory elements to the Costa Rican illusion: time seems to bend and warp, accelerate and then plod. A morning's boat trip, which winds through the Tamarindo estuary towards an island teeming with monkeys that swing through trees with *Jurassic Park*-sized leaves, can last forever, or for five minutes. Likewise for an evening at Bistro Langosta, with its assorted tapas that runs from escargot to tender beef tips, and the local favorite, pollo casado (tomato and cabbage salad, fried plantains, and tender chicken pieces). And try an hour-long massage from Shannon Vacca, an American spa proprietor who fell hard for the country and decided never to leave.

This, then, is Costa Rica, the Switzerland of Central America—a nickname bestowed upon the nation because of the country's beauty, lack of their own military, and relative social and political stability in comparison to the rest of the region—and there is a multitude of ways to while away one's days. A short drive from Tamarindo is Hacienda Pinilla, where a full day of activities provides just enough variety for any tourist: horseback riding through the plains, bush, and along the shore; 18 holes of golf; and a relaxing late poolside lunch complemented by one of the best banana smoothies I have ever tasted.

There is a piece of wisdom that circulates amongst those who have experienced Costa Rica's *pura vida*. "You haven't had a true Costa Rican holiday unless you have extended your ticket at least once," veteran tourists and expats repeat as a mantra. Thus, the morning before my scheduled return to the U.S., I am in front of a computer: the flight back to reality is postponed. Out from the front of Witch's Rock, swells ease into the bay from the depths of the Pacific. Surfers slide across the glistening waters; the sun drains into the ocean and the day blurs into orange streaks of light.

address book

where to stay

WITCH'S ROCK SURF CAMP
With an amazing location on the Tamarindo beachfront, this is a great base for experienced surfers as well as those who want to do more than just hit the waves.
witchsrocksurfcamp.com

HOTEL COCO RICO
Set back from the beach, Hotel Coco Rico in Tamarindo, Guanacaste, provides a perfect retreat for anyone seeking a more tranquil experience.
hotelcocorico.com

where to eat

EAT @ JOE'S
Famous for the "nachos as big as your ass," the restaurant at Witch's Rock Surf Camp is the perfect spot for a sunset meal of very North American-sized chicken fajitas and papas fritas.

BISTRO LANGOSTA
A plentiful assortment of tapas, fine wines, and gourmet dishes from all over the world in a beautiful setting.
bistrolangosta.com

WEEKEND IN THE CITY

oslo

LONG OVERLOOKED BY TRAVELERS TO SCANDINAVIA, OSLO IS FINALLY ASSERTING ITSELF AS A COSMOPOLITAN CAPITAL WORTH VISITING. SEE IT IN 48 HOURS THEN DRIVE NORTH, TO THE ARCTIC. BY THEA URDAL

day 1

10 a.m. Arrive at Gardermoen International Airport. Take airport train into Oslo S station and immediately note how expensive the country is when a one-way ticket sets you back $30.

11 a.m. Check in to Grims Grenka (grimsgrenka.no), Oslo's best (and only) design hotel, with wonderful details like work and play lighting settings in the rooms and cases of moss in the lobby.

12:00 p.m. Hop on one of the baby blue trams (#18 or #19) to Utsikten (Norwegian for "the view") and check out the city's amazing scenery. Have a warm waffle with strawberry jam and goat cheese at Café Utsikten.

2:00 p.m. Eat crayfish salad and chocolate parfait with raspberries at Den Franske Sal (The French Hall) at the National Museum of Art along with a cup of green sanjay tea. Enjoy contemporary design pieces by Kristin Jarmund.

2:45 p.m. Supposedly, Norwegians drink the most coffee in the world. Head over to Tim Wendelboe in Grünerløkka, world champion barista, for the best cup of Joe in Norway.

3:10 p.m. Do some Scandinavian shopping at the newly opened Henrik Vibskov boutique. Enjoy Vibskov's signature colorful prints and playful designs while stocking up on USB-sticks that are actual wooden sticks. Brilliant.

6:00 p.m. Eat Serrano ham and olive pizza and drink ice cold beer at the unpretentious and cozy Hell's Kitchen at Møllergata 23 on Youngstorget.

8:15 p.m. Take a look at Akershus Castle, which was originally built as a medieval fortress in 1299. In the evening light it's a spectacular view; the magnificent castle lit by torches, like a medieval jewel—a reminder of the city's history.

11:30 p.m. Hail a taxi—despite the fact that the minimum charge works out to be $25—over to nightclub and concert venue Blå by the riverside. The area is as picturesque as Tokyo's Naka Meguro, and features the added bonus of Norwegian hipsters raving to some of the best electro DJs in Norway like Lindström, Prins Thomas and diskJokke.

day 2

9:00 a.m. Despite few hours sleep, get up early and take one of the ferries from Vippetangen for a round-trip in the Oslofjord. Appreciate the lack of tourists and the possibility of relaxing on the sea with coffee in hand, humming tunes from last night.

12:00 p.m. Have lunch at Blings at St. Olavs Plass. Order the homemade yogurt and granola, focaccia and freshly pressed orange juice.

1:00 p.m. Pop into Torpedo Bookstore at Hausmannsgate 42, where you'll find magazines like *milkandmoney,* in which progressive illustrators, photographers, and writers show off their skills.

2:15 p.m. Visit the Astrup Fearnley Museum of Modern Art where work from the likes of Damien Hirst, Ólafur Eliasson and Nan Goldin is represented.

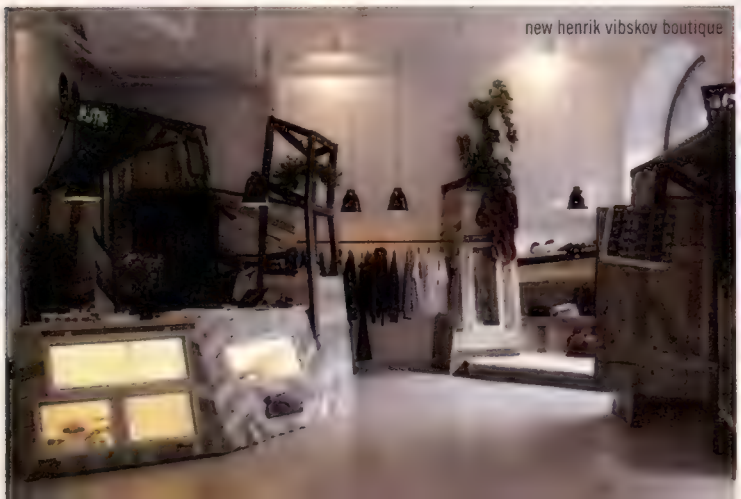
2:45 p.m. Head over to Rekord Gallery. Browse art pieces from both Norwegian and international artists such as Per Teljer and Jacques André.

5:30 p.m. Take any subway line to Nationaltheatret and relish in a three-course meal at seafood restaurant Solsiden ("Sunny Side"): order the mouthwatering grilled salmon, corn purée, and bocchoy with honey and cayenne syrup.

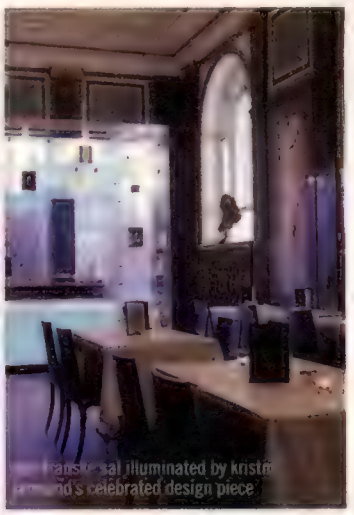
9:30 p.m. After a shower at the hotel, pop up to the rooftop (Q Lounge) and enjoy a Ginger Lemon Grass Martini under heat lamps and blankets.

12:15 a.m. Take a taxi to The Villa, the basement cellar of Hell's Kitchen, for a few hours of intense dancing to Norwegian DJs Bitch Boys mashing up hard hitting electronics with well-known hip-hop beats.

3:10 a.m. Emerge into the early morning just when the sky is painted bubblegum pink and the morning dew clings to eyelashes. Think about coming back.

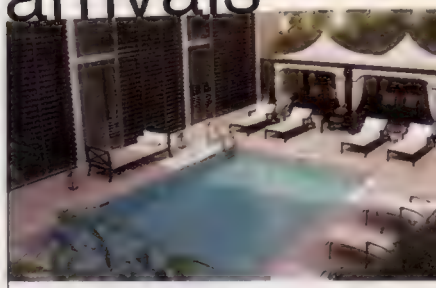


new henrik vibskov boutique



...ansjersal illuminated by kristin ...nd's celebrated design piece

arrivals



GONE FISHING

What sets The Angler's apart from the continuous upsurge of hotels in Miami is really quite simple—it doesn't look or feel like a hotel. For those craving a destination resort, a techno club in the basement, rooftop pool and bar, I'd head further down the beach. But for those yearning a retreat from the bustling Art Deco district, and service that's so attentive you'd be forgiven for thinking you're the only guest, The Angler's is the perfect option. Reminiscent of old Florida, the exterior retains its Deco charm, and the inside has been carefully designed by Wallace Tutt (Gianni Versace's former decorator). Choose from a rooftop terrace, balcony with pool view, private garden, or private Jacuzzi spa in either a studio or duplex. The pool is surrounded by cozy cabanas and a mere step from the gated gardens of the studios, so it's tempting to skip the beach altogether. However, complimentary kites, and a beach bag complete with super-soft towels and fresh water may make you think otherwise. ANDREA CUSICK

For more information, see theanglersresort.com.

BEST IN SHOW

One of my favorite memories of last winter was swimming in Top Notch's outdoor heated pool—the ground was covered with snow and, with every dive, steam rippled off the water. This was only one of the magical experiences at this luxury resort and spa in Stowe, Vermont, which is located only minutes from some of New England's best skiing. Snow, or skiing ability, isn't a requirement for a good time, though, and the crisp, beautiful area is also perfect for hiking and home to a first-rate tennis center an golf course. It's also possible to spend an entir weekend indoors, with the resort's expansive spa, a restaurant that capitalizes on Vermont's farm-fresh fare, and plenty of wine and roaring fires. KATE WILLIAMS

For more information, see topnotch.com.

FILM STRIPS

ASHES OF TIME REDUX

Jilted long ago by the woman he loved, Ouyang Feng (Leslie Cheung) is despondent and bitter. He lives alone in the desert and "specializes in solving problems"—hiring swordsmen for clients who are seeking retribution. A childhood friend, Huang Yaoshi (Tony Leung Ka Fai), arrives for his yearly visit bringing a jug of wine, a gift from a mysterious woman (Maggie Cheung), that will make the drinker forget his past. Ouyang isn't interested, but then Huang promptly leaves and he is forced to contemplate his reasons for self-imposed exile.

The story is a meditation on memory, and each character bears the weight of it with varying degrees of protest and fate. The film is set in five parts, each of which corresponds to a season of the Chinese almanac (which divides the year into 24 terms). As the seasons pass, the wisdom of friends, clients, and swordsmen challenge Ouyang's indifference.

Pieced together and brilliantly restored from negatives of director Wong Kar Wai's 1994 original, *Ashes of Time Redux* is meant to be the definitive version of the film. Based on the martial arts novel The Eagle-Shooting Heroes by Louis Cha, the film is more prequel than adaptation, and longtime Kar Wai collaborator Christopher Doyle provides the dreamlike cinematography. Vividly colorful with fantastical fight choreography and a Yo-Yo Ma soundtrack, *Redux* is wuxia grandeur at its finest. LAURA HAYNER

BATTLE IN SEATTLE

For months leading up to November 30th, 1999 the city of Seattle, Washington, prepared to host the World Trade Organization's Ministerial conference, touted as the venue for a new round of global trade negotiations. On that day in 1999, an estimated 40,000 protestors congregated in the streets, prepared to stop it. The ensuing clash of opposing interests quickly turned an initially peaceful protest into a series of full-scale riots.

Stuart Townsend's directorial debut, the docudrama *Battle in Seattle*, walks viewers from the morning of November 30th, or N-30 as it came to be known, through the five days of chaos that followed. Jay (Martin Henderson), Django (Andre Benjamin), and Lou (Michelle Rodriguez) are protestors with pivotal roles in organizing the demonstrations. Dale (Woody Harrelson) is a riot cop and husband of pregnant shop girl, Ella (Charlize Theron). The characters are woven together over the course of the conference, with their stories punctuated by powerful footage from the actual protests, further propeling Townsend's already arresting screenplay.

While dramatic, political films based on relatively recent events are often hard to pull off, Townsend's does all it could hope to by delivering a compelling story that educates its viewer and inspires them to explore the subject further. MR

GOOD DICK

In the unfortunately titled *Good Dick*, an L.A. video store clerk (Jason Ritter) falls for a lonely woman (writer/director Marianna Palka) who comes to him for her daily DVD porn fix. A homeless ex-junkie himself, and perhaps recognizing that the woman shares his addictive personality, he seizes the opportunity to shine some love into her shuttered life, stalking and and gradually wooing her until they come to a platonic sleeping arrangement. With understanding and careful persistence he eases the sexually dysfunctional woman away from the crippling events of her childhood. Palka, in her filmmaking debut, tempers the downer subject matter with subtle dark humor, humanizing awkwardness, rather than just being quirky for sake of it. Ritter impresses as the intrusive loverboy, and Palka's performance parallels her strong writing and directorial choices. Here, at last, is a low-budget film that feels unconstrained by its financial limitations, boasting fine acting, a strong script and clever cinematography. Regrettably, the misleading title does the movie no favors and may prevent casual viewers from seeing this gem, but regardless, Palka has a brilliant future ahead. REBECCA RODRIGUEZ

ballast

It takes a lot for anyone in *Ballast* to utter a word. Filmed on location in the Mississippi Delta, this film is led by its bleak, endless scenery. The actors, Michael J. Smith Sr. (Lawrence), JimMyron Ross (James), and Tarra Riggs (Marlee) are all Mississippi natives who play characters who are thrust together when Lawrence's twin brother, who is also Marlee's estranged love and the father of drug-addled James, commits suicide and bequeaths his home and share of the family business (a convenience store) to Marlee.

Young James (Ross was 12 years old at the time of filming), gives viewers a tour of the town on his dirt bike, getting into trouble with drug dealers and hanging out in abandoned houses and the obscure places that he hides his drugs. The narrative slowly emerges as it becomes clear that Lawrence and Marlee will have to put their storied past behind them if they want to survive financially and create a more optimistic future for James. Aside from the cinematography, the beauty of this film lies in the thoughtful way that crucial details of the story are revealed. The dialogue is sparse, and in every instance that characters actually exchange words, it's as if a piece of paper is being neatly unfolded. *Ballast*, the debut film of director Lance Hammer, is perfect in its minimalism and sheds an honest light on the struggles a human will endure when the life of another is at stake. MALLORY RICE

religulous

Religulous, Bill Maher's viciously funny documentary about religious absurdity, announces itself with the hard-punching political satirist behind HBO's *Real Time* speaking from the spot in Israel where believers in the apocalypse expect the ultimate rumble between good and evil to go down. This movie, it's clear, will be no gentleman's debate: It will be a brawl, a bludgeoning. But if you're on Maher's side, it's going to be fun.

If you're not, you won't be convinced to switch. There are moments when Maher shows empathy—"Not having faith is a luxury," he says, discussing the comfort religion offers the unfortunate—and occasionally, he attempts to understand. Mostly, though, this is a supremely mismatched fight. Watching Maher's incisive intellect pitted against a Muslim rapper or a Christ impersonator at The Holy Land Experience is as wince-inducing as it is hilarious—but it's never unfair. Maher's questions are real. He simply fires them so precisely that rebuttals from even more able adversaries—a rabbi, a Vatican Observatory astronomer—only reinforce his points.

Whether juxtaposing images of rock stars with religious leaders or dubbing the Egyptian myth of Horus over depictions of the Christ story, the director, Larry Charles (*Borat*, 2006) is as able as his star. But when *Religulous* attempts an earnest "anti-religionist" call to arms—images of violence and intolerance underscore Maher's assertion that "religion must die for mankind to live"—it doesn't quite connect. The shift in tone is too drastic. There's so much furious fun in this film; a little more time easing the audience into the seriousness at the end might have let *Religulous* wield its force as expertly as it does its wit. JOSH WEIL

CHARMED, WE'RE SURE

WITH A HIGHLY ACCLAIMED ALBUM AND MORE MOVIE ROLES THAN EVER—NOT TO MENTION HER UNIQUELY ENDEARING BRAND OF QUIRKINESS—**ZOOEY DESCHANEL** IS THE ULTIMATE IT GIRL.

BY APRIL LONG.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY HILARY WALSH

A door slams, and suddenly Zooey Deschanel is rushing towards me, her mouth an "O-shaped" silent apology, her eyes round with concern. "I'm late! And it's loud! It's *never* loud here!" she exclaims, sliding a canvas tote bag studded with colorful band buttons off of her shoulder and slinging it onto the back of a chair. Our meeting place is the aptly named La Conversation, a small French café in West Hollywood just around the corner from iconic rock venue the Troubadour, and yes, it is loud: the room is humming with the crash of cutlery and the din of lunch-diners shouting at one another over quiche. "Is it OK?" Deschanel asks, shooting me another worried glance.

Deschanel is wearing a black-and-white striped long-sleeved T-shirt, a high-waisted denim skirt, and black sandals. Her nails are painted a sunny Jackie O.-shade of coral, and a thin tortoiseshell headband glints coyly in her dark hair. Once we decide to stay put, she makes quick work of ordering mint tea—not even cracking her menu—and announces that she's done away with coffee entirely. "I *had* to stop, just had to. I mean, I liked the ritual of it, but..." A shrug. "Otherwise I don't miss it." She looks luminous and well-rested, and explains that—having recently wrapped up filming a slew of movies in addition to releasing her well-received debut album, *Volume One* (with raspy-voiced indie balladeer M. Ward under the moniker She & Him)—she's just had her first two weeks off in a year and a half. "I had my teeth cleaned," she says with a grin, "saw friends, caught up on my sleep.... You know, life stuff."

At 28, Deschanel possesses that rare quality of being both ethereally beautiful and damnably cute: On the surface she has a placid, ladylike poise, but it's undercut with a gawky, gamine, aw-shucks goofiness. She strikes me immediately as genuine, kind, and surprisingly normal for someone whose profession is—jazz hands!—entertainment; she has a clever, curious, expressive face (one can't help but think she would have made a riveting silent film star; the kind who would have given original It Girl Clara Bow a run for her money) and a low-ish voice that renders everything she says a little wry. But while she may not look or sound like a typical California girl, Deschanel is Hollywood through-and-through: Her father is Academy Award-nominated cinematographer and director Caleb Deschanel (among other things, he manned the cameras for legendary Rolling Stones live film *Let's Spend the Night Together*, which Zooey despairs that she's never seen: "I've been looking for a DVD of it *forever*—it's so hard to find!") and her mother, Mary Jo, is an actress who starred in *Twin Peaks*, as Donna's mother, Eileen. "I wish I remembered the *Twin Peaks* time a little better," she says, wistfully, "but I was too young. My parents would let me see an episode every once in a while, but when you don't know what's going on—well, even when you *do*—that show really messes with your head. I'd try to sneak downstairs at night to watch it, but I'd always get caught and sent back to bed."

She and her older sister Emily (now best known for her starring role in TV crime drama *Bones*) spent a lot of time on film sets growing up, which Zooey never enjoyed ("I liked the food. Otherwise I found it pretty boring. I mean, if you're not working, there's not much to do"), but that didn't immunize her from the acting bug. Her first true love was movie musicals—she was enthralled by the spectacle of riotous color and elaborate costumes, the dazzle of artificiality. "My dad has all of these short films he made of me when I was little, and one of them is me when I was two watching *The Wizard of Oz*," she recounts. "I was just..." she widens her eyes to illustrate, "*transfixed.* And then in another one I was singing 'Somewhere Over the Rainbow,' and I knew every word—which is pretty crazy when you think about the fact that I was still just learning to speak at the time." There was no question about it: She was destined to someday make her own kind of movie magic.

"I was really sassy," she says, laughing. "As soon as I could pursue a career, I did. My sister went to college first, but I guess I just couldn't wait." Deschanel began college, too, at Northwestern University in Chicago to study theater—but when she got word that she had landed the role of teen-runaway-turned-stewardess Anita Miller in Cameron Crowe's *Almost Famous* she decided to take a leave of absence, and never returned. "It was a whim decision," she says, stirring her tea with a dainty spoon. "At first I thought I'd just take some time off, so I made an arrangement to store my stuff in some space outside the city. But when I got there, they had no record of my reservation, so I shipped everything home, knowing I would never go back. It was a big decision that was just kind of made for me."

Since then, she has worked steadily, making her name playing offbeat characters—from sardonic Retail Rodeo employee Cheryl in *The Good Girl* (2002) to free-spirited hippy Kat in two seasons of *Weeds* to Sarah Jessica Parker's batshit-crazy roommate in *Failure to Launch* (2007). She's not afraid to take chances on whatever material happens to intrigue her, whether that be starring in the Sci-Fi Channel's *Wizard of Oz*-inspired *Tin Man* series (if only to fulfill her deep-seated childhood desire to play Dorothy) or, more recently, M. Night Shyamalan's unfairly maligned *The Happening*, which if you watch in the spirit of mid-century horror films like *Village of the Damned* or *Day of the Triffids*, is actually quite good. "It's got that super '60s, slightly exaggerated feel," Deschanel agrees, "which I really like." Deschanel herself is something of a throwback to starlets of yore: her nostalgia for the golden era of Hollywood seeps into everything from the sort of roles she takes to her passion for vintage fashion ("I love every decade," she says, "but I think '60s clothes are my favorite. And I *love* big hair. I'm secretly a country singer at heart"). When asked who she'd most like to appear in a film with, she doesn't miss a beat before answering, "Cary Grant. I *love* Cary Grant. And Jimmy Stewart." Her eyes tilt towards the ceiling dreamily. "Maybe they could add an extra role in *Philadelphia Story* and I could just show up..."

She even seems to experience modern-day L.A. through the lens of someone who has devoted herself to learning about its past: Not for her is the velvet-rope-and-celebrity-DJ scene; her stomping grounds are repertory theatres and supper clubs. When I mention that I'm staying at the Roosevelt, for example, she says, "Oh, cool!" But when I add that the hotel can be noisy, she furrows her brow as if she's trying to remember something. "Yeah... don't they have parties there or something?" Refreshingly, the place where many current starlets regularly faceplant is completely outside the realm of Deschanel's Hollywood. She keeps her private life private and is, she admits, a "homebody," sharing a house with her sister. "It's so good," she

"I WAS REALLY SASSY. AS SOON AS I COULD PURSUE A CAREER, I DID."

dress by anna sui; shirt by quiksilver, headband by chanel.

this page: top by boss black. shorts by anna sui. shoes by sonia rykiel. tights by wolford.
opposite page: top by zac posen. jeans by taverniti. belt by diesel.

"IT'S SUCH AN AMAZING FEELING TO LOOK OUT [AT THE AUDIENCE] AND SEE ALL THESE PEOPLE SINGING ALONG TO MY MELODIES. NOW THAT I'VE EXPERIENCED WHAT IT'S LIKE TO STAND UP THERE, I JUST CAN'T IMAGINE WANTING TO DO ANYTHING ELSE."

electric youth

THIS YEAR'S CROP OF **IT GIRLS** BETTER GET USED TO THAT LABEL FAST; THE BUZZ IS ONLY GOING TO GET LOUDER.

portia freeman

Hopes and dreams are being dashed left and right as I wait for Portia Freeman, London's model of the moment, in the Camden office of her agency, Select Models. The reception area is currently doubling as an examination room for walk-in applicants. It's a make-or-break—largely break, for today's hopefuls—moment in the life of a young model, and it's one Freeman will soon tell me she was fortunate enough to avoid: "Same story as most models, scouted at 15, working since 16," she says, guarded by an agency minder. Will I have a problem conducting the interview in front of an extra person? Something tells me if I did, it wouldn't matter. I'm allowed to inquire about Freeman's tabloid moment—the "red-top" newspapers have posited that she's about to leave for a camping excursion into the countryside with none other than Pete Doherty—but, I'm told, "no badgering."

The censorship is a shame, because nothing about Freeman suggests the insecurity or weakness it's typically there to safeguard. If she is dating Doherty—and after a non-badgering interrogation, she says they're "good friends," making a face at her minder—it's easy to see what a rock star might like about her: She's quick and clever, and exquisitely beautiful, all delicate features beneath a swirl of white hair. She grew up in Surrey, outside London: "I loved it there, just hanging around in the park with all my best friends," she says. Still only 19, Freeman is looking forward to life beyond modeling—to hosting a television show about cooking, maybe. Chief among her ambitions is to retire to a house in the country. "My dream is to be a housewife," she says. "I'm a feeder—my favorite thing is my mom's new Dyson." Before that, though, she's off to Ibiza for a holiday—and, she says, a few days in the country. DIANE VADINO

PHOTOGRAPHED BY XANTHE GREENHILL
stylist: rossana buttarazzi. hair: hiroshi using bumble and bumble. makeup: silver bramham at premier. dress by marc by marc jacobs.

abigail lorick

There's one image that Abigail Lorick can't get out of her head lately. It's a black and white photo of Kate Moss in which the supermodel is barefoot on a tennis court, wearing a long skirt and holding a tennis racquet.

"I was trying to find it last night," says the designer behind Lorick, a line of delightfully prim apparel. "I really think that it represents my line in this kind of rugged elegance."

Lorick's nostalgic sensibility is captured in her vintage-inspired silhouettes and ladylike extras like gloves and oversized bows.

When two of Lorick's friends, who happened to be costume designers for *Gossip Girl*, began developing the style for Blair Waldorf's character, they had Lorick's aesthetic in mind. As the season progressed, the show enlisted Lorick to ghost-design the pieces behind fictional character Eleanor Waldorf's collection, putting her on the fashion radar of hip, pretty young things across America.

"I would hope," she starts hesitantly, when I ask how she might be considered an It Girl, "that an It Girl would be a girl that is hardworking and inspires other young women to pursue whatever they want."Lorick continues: "Most of the women who I consider to be It Girls are the ones who are doing things, who are taking any situation and making the best of it--not even making the best of it," she quickly corrects, "making it fabulous."
MALLORY RICE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLARKE TOLTON
stylist: elle werlin. hair: joshua barrett at artistsbytimothypriano.com. makeup: kristin gallegos at bryan bantry using le metier de beaute. dress by lorick, necklace by stephen dweck.

tennessee thomas

Tennessee Jane Bunny Thomas has rock 'n' roll in her blood, and in her name. "Yesterday, someone asked my dad [Pete Thomas, Elvis Costello's drummer], 'Why'd you call her Tennessee?' and he was like, 'I was drunk!'" she says, bemused. "Well, that's not what he tells me! My dad's a musician, and Memphis was where rock 'n' roll was born."

And the Bunny? "That was my mom!" the Like's drummer says, laughing. "She was like, 'Well, if you're calling her Tennessee, then I'm calling her Bunny!'"

Currently in L.A.—where she's lived for the past nine years—to put the finishing touches on the Like's new album, Thomas, 23, has abandoned her Silverlake abode and moved back in with her parents in preparation for the band's next tour. "I love touring. I feel like it's pretty much the best way to spend these years," she says. "When you're our age, it's pretty exciting. You can handle it. But my knees do get kind of sore when we're stuck in the van all the time. I'm going to have to start doing leg exercises."

Until they leave, Thomas has been DJing, and is contemplating starting a club night with a few of her friends so that she can play and dance to the kind of music she wants to hear: girl groups. "I've become creepily obsessed," she says. "I don't get sick of hearing these girls singing about 'Why doesn't he love me?'" Her obsession is such that recently, when she couldn't find any of her friends to go see the Shangri-Las' Mary Weiss play, she dragged her parents along—even though it was her dad's birthday. "We ran into the place just as she was about to go on, and a friend of mine introduced me to her, and said, 'Tennessee is in a girl group.' And she was chewing gum and was like..." Thomas smacks her lips and affects Weiss's New York accent: "'Well, it ain't easy.' I know that. Thank you very much." KATE WILLIAMS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PATRICK FRASER
makeup: mara levarre for artistsbytimothypriano.com.

alexa chung

It's early in the afternoon in a London photographer's studio, and Alexa Chung, 24, has lost all control of her eyebrows. Both are rising up her smooth forehead in what is presumably mock anger.

"An It Girl? Me? Excuse me, aren't It Girls from rich families who don't really do anything? I actually do something. I present on TV, and in a really deadpan style! Sir, you offend me."

Alexa Chung is indeed a British TV presenter and, yes, an exquisitely deadpan one to boot. In a world of toothpaste smiles and false sentiment, her television manner is, comparatively, a shot of deadly poison. Many rightly fear being grilled by her. Over the last couple of years now, she has interviewed countless major pop stars, often reducing them to mumbling fools (check out her arch assassination of Panic at the Disco on YouTube).

"I don't set out to be particularly rude," she claims unconvincingly, "I'm just not very good at being subtle. Do I patronize certain bands? It's possible, yes, and I'm sure they don't always deserve it, the poor souls."

Born to a Chinese father and English mother, Chung was spotted at a British music festival by a modeling scout when she was just 16, and spent the next six years in the business. She now sums up this period as, "dry and boring. I failed to make many model friends, if only because all they wanted to do was sit around talking about getting married. I wanted to be a fashion journalist, an artist; something more creative."

When she got a chance to audition as a host for a British TV music show called *Popworld*, she saw it as her way off the catwalk.

"I always thought of television presenting as cheesy, so I suppose I'm lucky I managed to make it different," she says. In her audition, she pretended to interview the pop star Pink. "I said, 'Hello, Pink, how's it going, you dick?' and somehow the producers liked it. I've been doing more or less the same ever since."

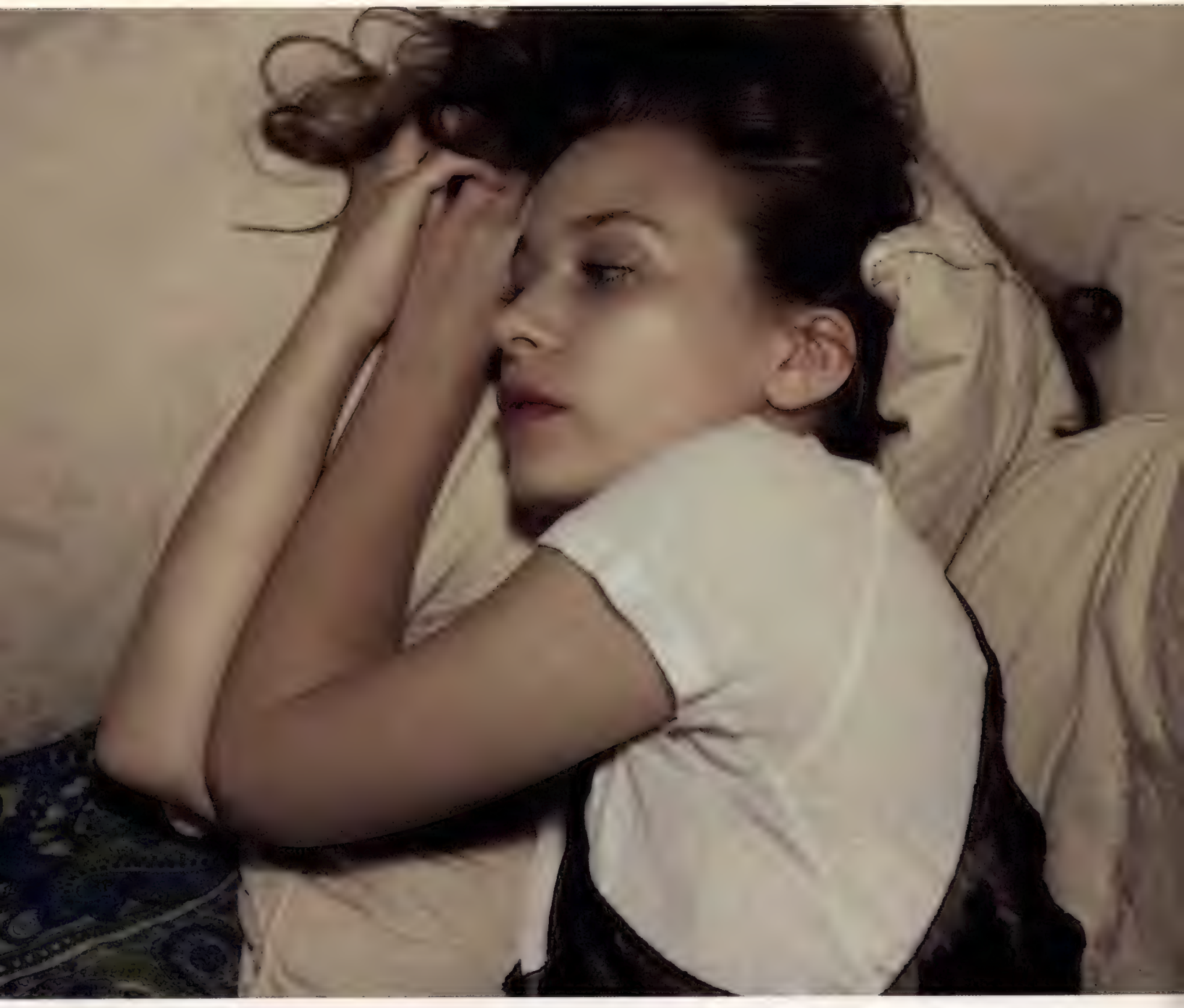
Chung is currently dating Arctic Monkeys' frontman Alex Turner, and while she is quite happy to be one half of a celebrity couple, he isn't: "Alex is quite uncomfortable with it, but that's his choice," she shrugs.

While she has plenty of TV work in the U.K., she admits that it's unlikely she will ever make much of an impact in America.

"If I ever got a job on American TV presenting the way I do," she notes, "I think I would very probably sink like a shit in the bath." NICK DUERDEN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARI SARAI

stylist: emma macfarlane. hair: hiroshi using bumble and bumble. makeup: annabel callum at naked artists using clinique. dress by chanel, shoes by sonia rykiel, tights by fogal, her own necklace.



isabelle mcnally

It is not an anomaly, at one p.m. on a balmy day in SoHo, to see young, rich, and beautiful girls fluttering in and out of folksy café Le Pain Quotidien. I know what Isabelle McNally looks like—photographs of the 'power child' are all over Internet party-photo sites; a thread on The Fashion Spot is devoted to her artfully thrown-together style—but when she breezes past me, it takes a second to register that she's not, in fact, Fiona Apple.

"Everyone is good-looking here, it's really strange," says the elfin McNally, giving the room a once-over. Her long hair is twisted into a haphazard knot, and though she's not wearing any makeup, her lips appear naturally berry-stained. Her T-shirt is also inside out, a fact she has just learned. "Sorry, I'm so awkward," she says.

The daughter of Balthazar and Pastis proprietor Keith McNally, Isabelle split her childhood between Paris and New York, not finishing high school at Lycée Français on the Upper East Side. "I got into trouble a lot; I mean, an hour of math—are you kidding me?" she protests. "Didn't Mark Twain say, 'Don't let school get in the way of your education?'" These days, McNally "bounces around" between private acting lessons.

While her big-screen moment is yet to come, McNally *is* an up-and-coming model, after being street-cast with her brother, Harry, for Uniqlo's spring 2008 campaign; Earnest Sewn also dubbed her the face of their new denim diffusion line, AM. So what does the 18-year-old think of being characterized as an It Girl? "I'm flattered, but I don't know what you mean by 'It,'" she says. "Wasn't 'It' a character on *The Addams Family*?" SAMANTHA GILEWICZ

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLARKE TOLTON

stylist: elle werlin. hair: joshua barrett for artistsbytimothypriano.com. makeup: kristin gallegos at bryan bantry using le metier de beaute. dress by roberto cavalli, t-shirt by james perse.

harley viera-newton

"I've made fun of people called It Girls," admits DJ-musician-model-student Harley Viera-Newton. "I think people sort of sneer at them because a lot of them have become famous for doing nothing. I feel like it makes it seem like I just go out and get drunk, which I do, but I do *so* much else—I'm trying to make the most of my time so people don't think I'm a wasted party girl."

If there's any doubt about it, pay a visit to downtown Manhattan haunt Lit on a Wednesday night for the Mind Your Own Business party, where you'll find Newton in the DJ booth triggering samples from her hard drive as her long, dirty blonde hair spills over her sun-kissed limbs. "Lit was always my favorite dive bar," she says. "I love bringing people to shitty bars, you know? Why a club when the atmosphere here is so good?"

People first started paying attention to the London-born, Los Angeles-reared Newton when she was one-third of teenage trio the Tints, and while she now plays bass for indie outfit Lissy Trullie and DJd the 2008 Whitney Biennial, music is not the 20-year-old's only passion. "Growing up, I wanted to be a ton of things," says Newton, who is studying Egyptology at NYU. "I don't know if I'm actually going to be an archaeologist, but it's good to know something crazy that no one else does."

Newton pursued photography, too, for some time, but it didn't take long for the camera lenses to turn on her. Soon enough, she had a contract with Elite Model Management and an ambassadorship with beauty behemoth Dior.

"Fashion, makeup, and music fuse so easily," says Newton. "I'm making playlists to be released with the new [beauty] collections. I think it's really cool that instead of using a celebrity, [Dior] are using someone like me, who's an unknown." SG

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ADAM FEDDERLY
stylist: kithe brewster. hair: brad hensler at artistsbytimothypriano.com. makeup: beau nelson at artistsbytimothypriano.com. dress by alexandre herchcovitch, shoes by brian atwood, jewelry (her own) by tom binns.

teyana taylor

It's hard to imagine pint-sized rapper Teyana Taylor cheesily jumping out of a Barbie box, as she did last year at her *My Super Sweet 16* birthday party on MTV. She possesses a don't-fuck-with-me swagger that doesn't falter during our interview—evidence of why Heatherette made her dress for said birthday party, and why Diesel sent her down their runway at Miami Fashion Week earlier this year.

"I'm a Sagittarius," she says. "We're aggressive, open, and out there, so we need someone who can handle us." Pharrell Williams was up to the task. When Universal A&R senior vice president Kevin Law asked Taylor what five people she would love to work with, the rapper remembers, "My first three were Pharrell, Pharrell, Pharrell." It didn't hurt that when she met him, they were wearing the same pair of pink kicks. "P's like my big brother," she says, "but sometimes it's straight business... Tough love."

Call it tough love or unadulterated talent, but Taylor pop-locked her way into Jay-Z's "Blue Magic" music video, choreographed Beyoncé's "Ring The Alarm" dance segment for 2007's VMAs ("It's surreal to this day—every time I see her I get to say 'Hi.'"), and her debut, *From A Planet Called Harlem*, drops this winter. Produced by Pharrell, the album features Taylor's scrappy cadence over go-go beats, digital hand-claps, and sticky hooks.

When she *does* have free time, Taylor says she does "normal teen stuff. I'm working hard to accomplish my dreams...I'm almost there!" SG

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ADAM FEDDERLY
stylist: kithe brewster. hair: q for illusions at click nyc. makeup: daryon haylock using m.a.c cosmetics. jacket by hellz bellz, t-shirt by ice cream, jeans by benji, shoes by supra.

coco rocha

Coco Rocha is occupied. A hairstylist is gently pulling rollers from her hair, tugging and smoothing each wave before releasing it to bounce back to its respective position. A makeup artist applies the last touches to her lips, eyes, and fortunate cheekbones.

Rocha meekly raises her head and peeks beyond the fuss surrounding her.

"Never would anyone have thought of me as a model," she says, sitting in a chair getting ready for the *NYLON* shoot. "My friends and I were pretty much only into dancing. We just laughed at [modeling] because I was this awkward, gangly, 14-year-old little girl. We thought it was pretty much a joke when he came up." The "he" she's referring to is the modeling scout who approached her in 2002 at an Irish dance competition in her native Canada, which—after a bout of skepticism on her part—subsequently kick-started her modeling career. Surely 14-year-old Rocha never would have imagined that five years later she'd be bounding down the runway, opening and closing Jean-Paul Gaultier's 2007 Fall/Winter show, performing that famous Celtic jig at Paris Fashion Week. ("You can't do it in heels?" Gaultier asked her, before specially ordering shoes for the event, last-minute.)

Additionally, Rocha, who is now 20 and represented by Elite models, has graced plenty of magazine covers like *Vogue*, *W*, and *Numero*, and walked even more runways. She's also often noted as a protégé of the iconic photographer Steven Meisel. "If it wasn't for him, I'd probably be back home now," she says, "I like that he has an eye for new kinds of girls and gives them the opportunity to work. It inspires me to know that he gives people chances."

Though Rocha certainly seems to be adapting to the glamorous life just fine—she's got a luxury apartment in New York City's Chelsea neighborhood and a new deal to be the face of YSL Beaute and Elle, their new perfume—the model confesses, "I was a tomboy. The funniest thing is that I never bought makeup when I was little, nothing..." In a serendipitous twist, however, Rocha does recall that the first beauty product purchase she made was with her own money at a YSL counter.

"When they came up with the option of me doing the YSL fragrance, I was like, 'Wow.' It's just an honor more than anything," she says. "They could have chosen anyone—a supermodel at the top, but they gave me a chance." MR

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEN COPE

stylist: paolo nieddo. hair: brad hensler at artistsbytimothypriano.com. makeup: keith venable for ysl beaute. shirt by alexander wang, cuff by burberry prorsum.

cody kennedy

Cody Kennedy is an It Girl, though she does not seem entirely sure of what the position entails. "I'm still trying to figure out exactly what it means," says Kennedy, who is in the unlikely position of having an older sister— former *NYLON* cover girl Cory—to provide the answer. "I was like, 'That's totally crazy, but I'm into it.'" Cody, 16, is the acting and directing and reality-show-starring half of the It Girl sisterhood, best known as Nick Tweed-Simmons's girlfriend on the reality show *Gene Simmons Family Jewels*. She and Nick have since broken up ("Officially, we're on a break," she says), but Simmons is still close to her heart. "They're really my second familly," she says. "They're the coolest people you'll ever meet."

The Santa Monica High School junior just filmed a video for Miley Cyrus's "7 Things," directed by Brett Ratner: "He was totally cool—he raffled off a Guitar Hero," she says. She didn't win, which was OK because she has one at home—as does pretty much everybody. "I know! The girl who won was jumping up and down, and I was just like, 'Come on.'" Kennedy also just shot a pilot for an online series, *This Is Fashion*. "I was like, 'I wish this was a TV pilot,'" she says. For now, she's getting ready to go back to school, but is looking forward to auditioning for small-screen roles during TV pilot season. "If I could be a series regular on a show as amazing as *Friends* or *Seinfeld*—that would be incredible," Cody says. There's no sang-froid to this Kennedy; "oh my Gods" liberally, literally puncture her sentences, and she's full of something one of her elder relatives might term pizzazz. "My parents, I would like to say they're very proud of us," Cody says. "They're happy that we're following our dreams—not everybody gets to do that." DV

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MARVIN SCOTT JARRETT
hair: ashley rose clay using paul mitchell products.
makeup: clarissa ferreri using m.a.c cosmetics.

daisy lowe

Curled up on a sofa in an East London photographer's studio, Daisy Lowe tucks her seemingly endless legs up under her chin and nibbles earnestly on a chocolate-coated cookie. She is wearing a black-and-white striped top that lends her a Parisian air, and tiny black shorts that finish where the tops of those legs begin. She has heavy black eye makeup, and when she talks, she does so in a voice that somehow suggests she has already seen everything the world has to offer, and has come away disappointed.

"I am a model, yes," she admits, "but I find it difficult to keep my brain alive, just modeling. I need to be surrounded by creative people, you see..."

If Daisy Lowe is an emergent British It Girl, it is due almost entirely to her parentage. Though her mother, Pearl Lowe, was only ever a tiny bit-part player in the Britpop scene of the mid-1990s (she was the singer in the short-lived Powder), and her stepfather, Danny Goffey, merely the drummer in Supergrass, it was when she turned 16 and discovered her true lineage that she was thrown into the spotlight. Gavin Rossdale, formerly of Bush, who was Lowe's godfather, learned, via a DNA test, that he was actually her biological father. Given that he was married to one of pop music's most stellar talents, Gwen Stefani, Lowe was suddenly hot property.

"I don't particularly like being viewed as a commodity," she says now, "but modeling does have its benefits. I get to see the world, and I've always wanted to see the world."

Growing up in the "Primrose Hill Set"—various Britpop musicians and TV presenters, alongside Kate Moss, Sienna Miller, Jude Law—Lowe initially wanted to become a psychoanalyst ("I like to help people"), before her modeling career really took off. She now counts the likes of Vivienne Westwood and fashion photographer Juergen Teller as friends, and was recently introduced to her current boyfriend Mark Ronson by another close friend, Sean Lennon.

"A lot of people make a big deal about our age difference," she says (she is 19, he 33), "but we're strong enough to survive all sorts of speculation."

Desperate to break free from modeling ("I've got projects in the pipeline"), she'd also like to try her hand at singing one day.

"But not yet," she says. "If I tried it now, it would just seem incredibly naff, so I'll leave it to my boyfriend and my father. There's time for me yet." ND

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARI SARI

stylist: emma macfarlane. hair: hiroshi using bumble and bumble. makeup: annabel callum at naked artists using clinique. dress by sonia rykiel, shoes by luella, tights by emilio cavallini, headband (in hand) by stephen jones.

MIDDLE
STAINED GLASS

lady of the manor

PIXIE GELDOF ESCAPES LONDON FOR HER HOUSE IN THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE, BUT WHAT SHE WEARS THERE IS FAR FROM PROVINCIAL.

photographed by matt irwin

stylist: francesca burns. hair: peter gray at untitled management limited. makeup: lucia pica at untitled management limited. thanks to sarah leon and sir bob. bodysuit by prada, her own jewelry (worn throughout).

s page: dress by hugo, her own vintage bustier and belt.
posite page: dress by isabel marant, belt by wunderkind, tights by falke.

opposite page: sweater by calvin klein jeans, shorts by levi's, tights by falke, shoes by dr. martens.
this page: jacket by isabel marant, t-shirt by nike, skirt by chanel, sunglasses by linda farrow vintage, her own hat.

DOUBLE

though cory kennedy and peaches geldof live oceans apart, their trendsetting style makes them two of a kind.

DOUBLE

photographed by
marvin scott jarrett

stylist: monique bean. hair: laini reeves for frédéric fekkai at traceymattingly.com. makeup: nellie kim for margaretmaldonado.com. manicurist: marsha bialo for china glaze at timothy priano. cory wears a top by miu miu, skirt by burberry prorsum, vintage judith leiber belt from the way we wore, shoes by christian louboutin, gold bangles by cc skye, and her own black bracelet and rings (worn throughout). peaches wears a dress by magda berliner, vintage judith leiber belt from the way we wore, beret by chanel, shoes by miu miu, necklace (worn throughout) by white trash charms, and her own rings (worn throughout).

CK

cory wears a cardigan by d&g, top by h&m, vintage guess pants from palace costumes, shoes by dior, pins by miu miu, vintage red necklace from the way we wore, gold charm necklace by ippolita, and a gold necklace with ring by raised by wolves. peaches wears a sweater by volcom, skirt by d&g, vintage judith leiber belt from the way we wore, pins by miu miu, and the stylist's own stockings.

cory wears a jacket by mikhael kale, t-shirt by diesel, jeans by acne, shoes by christian louboutin, and a necklace by erickson beamon. peaches wears a cardigan by d&g, t-shirt by monrow, skirt by corpus, shoes by miu miu, and the stylist's own ribbon tie.

WATCH THIS Want to see more of this dynamic duo? Cory and Peaches host their very own show on **NYLON TV** at **nylonmag.com**.

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